ROSARIO.

ROSARIO.

BY

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AND

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CHAPTER I.

How the Book Came to be Written — Our School in Rosario — Miss L. B. Denning — Miss J. M. Chapin — Mrs. E. J. M. Clemens — Miss J. E. Goodenough — The Home in Rosario.

A missionary, under appointment to Rosario, and her Branch Corresponding Secretary sat together one evening, their thoughts busy upon the problem of interesting the Church in our South American missions. They went carefully over all the facts within reach. In that great southern continent free thought has risen to make the attempt at self-government. Except the empire of Brazil and two or three small colonies, it is all republican.

It is a land of measureless possibilities, even more richly endowed than the Northern America: and yet its conscience, and, consequently, all its interests are ground under the heel of Romanism; North American Protestants are not awake to their duty to these great sister republics.

Mrs. Browning said of her sad, beautiful Italy:

"It is stirring in its grave clothes"; so South American thought is waking from its death sleep; yet there is great danger lest through Jesuitical machinations and for lack of the help it ought to receive from Protestantism, it may fail to hear the voice of Christ bidding it come forth to a new, fresh, abundant life.

Though the Methodist Episcopal Church has done as much as any other Protestant denomination for South America, keeping up her work in the La Plata valley nearly fifty years, yet she has never taken its evangelization upon her heart, as she has her work in China, India, or Japan. There are reasons for this. The distance between the United States and the Argentine Republic is great, the best steamship lines being by way of England. It takes twice as long to go from New York to Rosario as from San Francisco to Yokohama, and six or seven times as long as to cross the Atlantic. Postal communication is consequently hindered, and, till within a few years, the postage on each letter was twenty-seven cents. The force at work in South America has always been small, and heavily burdened, with no leisure for writing. So the Church

has known comparatively little of the good work that has been wrought there.

Not statistical reports, but individual cases interest every day, home people. Not the summing up of effort that few take time to consider, but the slipping into a hundred letters of the little items that show the need, and God's presence and saving power. A half dozen missionaries with a continent upon their shoulders can hardly find time for such writing. So, though there has been grand work done in South America, the Church has not understood its importance.

The recent successes in Mexico and Italy have given the Methodist Church new courage for her work among Roman Catholics; but she does not yet seem ready to enter with strength the wide-open doors of that wonderful southern continent.

In 1874 the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society* sent out two as faithful missionaries as ever sailed; but it has not yet felt able to build them a home. Homes, schoolhouses, hospitals, have been bought or built in other fields, but the Rosario ladies, in the midst of that Spanish American civilization, have had to carry their work in a poorly

furnished, inconvenient, uncomfortable house, for which the society has paid an enormous rent. There have been only two to manage all the lines of domestic, educational, and evangelistic effort. The ladies at home have lacked enthusiasm for this mission, because they did not understand its opportunity and actual achievement.

"Somebody ought to write a book on our South American work," said the Secretary, after these facts had been carefully canvassed—"a book palpitating with the pathos of the need. It ought to be written under the inspiration of first impressions, while the thought is thrilled with the first touch of that South American civilization. Missionary books are apt to lack atmosphere: mere pages of dry, dull facts, with only now and then a rill of sentiment creeping through them, where cataracts of feeling ought to rush, and leap, and bound. Their authors waited too long before they struck pen to paper. They lost their enthusiasm under the drudgery, and wrote at a dray-horse pace, because they worked from a sense that something ought to be done in that line. So they have failed to arouse the chivalry of the Church to set lance in rest for the grand

tournament — the conquest of the world for our Prince."

"If I were to try," said the missionary, after a little thinking, "I'm afraid I should fail. One ought to be accurate, you know, and statements made from short observation may not be reliable."

"I think we could take care of that. My friend, Dr. Goodfellow, lives only a few miles from here. He is a scholar—a thinker—as full of fervor for the conversion of the world as when he first set foot on that South American soil. I am sure he would be kind enough to pick from the book any little burrs that haste might drop upon its pages."

"I believe I'll try," said the missionary, "that is, if you will promise to help me. I shall be prodigiously busy, you know. I can not give the attention to literary execution that such a book demands, but my eyes are passably sharp, and I will jot what I see, if you will help put it in shape. You must add, subtract, multiply, divide; and get Dr. Goodfellow to put the result through his fanning mill; and we will hope that something may come of it all, that will rouse the women of the Church to see their duty to our South America."

After a doleful look toward a desk that the postman snows in every day, and that is as difficult to keep clear as a New England north and south road in winter, the Secretary consented to do her little part, and so the book was planned.

As the fashion is in this workful missionary business, it must be made to do double duty—make its plea for the mission, and raise money to build the Rosario Home.

The good lady whose zeal and faith had helped the missionary set her face toward South America, should, by that same token, get the money to pay the publishers; and the book should be given to the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, so that each copy sold should put its price, minus postage or transportation, into the fund for building the sorely needed Rosario Home.

Then, lest after all it should fail of its main purpose, much prayer must be offered, that the Holy Spirit would give the chrism of His touch to the little messenger sent by the faith and love of "Missionary Women," on behalf of their Spanish American sisters.

So the book goes forth as did the Hebrew shep-

herd boy, unable to carry the king's armor, with only a sling and smooth stones from the brook; yet it goes against the giant Anti-Christ, "In the name of the Lord of Hosts."

OUR SCHOOL IN ROSARIO.

The missionaries in Rosario de Santa Fe, Argentine Republic, South America, had long been urging the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society* to send some one to work among the women of that city. The calls from heathen countries were so pressing, and that need seemed at first thought so much greater, the ladies hesitated long before undertaking work among Roman Catholics.

However, Rev. T. B. Wood continued to set forth facts that have since become patent, showing that the religion of South America, though nominally Christian, is as certainly idolatrous as that of India or China, and the women, though the greatest sufferers from its superstitions, are its principal devotees. The men, under the stimulus of free thought and better culture, have swung away from the faith of their fathers, and have fallen into skepticism, rationalism, and all kinds of unbelief. The priests hold

the women, through whose consciences, by the power given at the confessional, they manage the men, and insure the future by training the children in loyalty to the Papacy. "The women here," wrote Mr. Wood, "are as inaccessible to the instructions of male missionaries as are the women of India and China."

At last his arguments prevailed; and Miss L. B. Denning and Miss J. M. Chapin were sent to Rosario to open work among the women.

They sailed from New York Jan. 23d, 1874, and reached their field of labor after a voyage of nearly two months. It was an unpropitious season for sea travel, but the weather proved favorable, and the journey delightful.

They immediately set themselves at work upon the language with energy, using every effort to get out of the cage of a strange speech in which one finds himself in a foreign country.

In looking into the educational system of the city, they were impressed with the inefficiency of the teachers in charge of girls' schools. The principal of the municipal girls' school could teach nothing higher than *Las Tablas*, (the tables of the four

fundamental rules of arithmetic), yet she was the very best the city could find. These facts turned the attention of our missionaries to the need of establishing a school.

In September, 1875, they began with five pupils; and their number steadily increased. Their manner of conducting the school soon attracted notice. In other places of instruction the pupils always studied in a voice above a whisper, the teacher checking the superabundance of noise by an occasional hiss. In this school the older pupils always told a new comer how to behave. The singing was such a novelty that it was always a source of merriment to beginners. The girls soon developed an aptitude for music, and it was a great pleasure to the teachers to note the change for the better that was evident in all regards.

The mothers of the children seldom had any definite notion of what their daughters ought to study except the catechism of the Romish church.

The first child received into the school was but seven years old, yet she had gone beyond her aunt and grandmother, who had both been teachers all their lives.

A Rosario gentleman remarked to our ladies: "The reason we Argentines are so far behind the people of the United States, is that we have not mothers who are capable of instructing us in our homes."

More than two hundred girls were under the instruction of our missionaries during their stay in Rosario, some of them under constant care in the Home; and we can but believe that a work was wrought that must tell upon the future of the people. Some of them were clearly and happily converted. The school was opened each day with reading the Scriptures and prayer, and a weekly prayer meeting was established. The girls formed the habit of "leading in prayer," and of speaking of their Christian experience. That religious instruction can but influence their lives for good.

The ladies had much trouble to find a house that could at all accommodate their family. It was quite impossible to have their housework done according to North American notions of cleanliness and comfort, and they were obliged to do a great deal of it themselves.

They spent much time in visiting the women in

their homes, trying to lead them to Christ. Their school grew till it numbered a hundred day scholars, besides a family of boarders, orphans, servants and missionaries—twenty in all.

When we remember that it was impossible for them to arrange their classes as it is done in our home schools, we wonder how two people with one assistant and what help they could get from their matron, could do so much work. We are not surprised that their health failed; but rather that it did not give way sooner.

They were urged by their Secretaries to close the school and come home instead of staying there to die ; but they chose to fall at their post rather than that their work should be given up.

They waited long and in great weariness for reinforcements ; and, at last, Aug. 4th, 1880, Mrs. Clemens reached Rosario. She took the school off their hands the day after her arrival ; and ten days later they sailed for home, where they arrived in safety early in October. When they went to South America, in 1874, they went out of our northern winter into one south of the equator ; and when they returned they came out of a southern winter

into one here at the north ; making two winters more and two summers less than we have had who remained at home.

At the time of this writing they are restored to health, and they are hoping soon to return to their old friends and pupils in Rosario, from whom they will receive a warm welcome.

So constantly are our missionaries carried on the hearts of our home workers, living in their faith and love, it may not be out of place to add a short personal sketch of each.

MISS L. B. DENNING.

Miss Denning was born in Knox County, Ohio, December 18th, 1840. Her parents were earnest, Christian people, and they brought up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At the age of fourteen she was converted and joined the M. E. Church. In the spring of 1869, in a meeting held in Bloomington, Ill., by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, she was led to consecrate herself fully to the Lord, and her heart was filled with light and love.

Then she was ready for any service ; and, when the call was made for some one to go to South

America, though keenly alive to the sacrifice involved in such a work, she rejoiced that she was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of the Lord Jesus. She says: "The happiest moment of my life was when I received word of my acceptance by the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.*" She sailed from New York for Rosario in company with Miss Chapin, Jan. 23d, 1874. The voyage, though long and monotonous, was very pleasant, and gave them a good opportunity for the study of Spanish. Its termination was somewhat rough, however, for, having stopped at Rio Janeiro, where the yellow fever raged, the steamer's passengers were put upon a dismantled ship when they reached Buenos Ayres, under quarantine regulations, lest they should bring the fever into the city. There was no provision for their comfort, and the prospect was anything but pleasant. A violent storm arose, and the authorities fearing that the old ship would drift out to sea, sent a boat to take them ashore. This was difficult and dangerous in the darkness and amid the dashing surges; but they finally landed in safety. After spending a few days most pleasantly in Buenos Ayres in the family of the resident missionary, Rev.

H. G. Jackson, they went on to Rosario, which city they reached on the 30th of March.

After resting a while under the kindly roof of Rev. T. B. Wood, they began the work of teaching the little girls, and visiting the women, giving them religious instruction in their homes. Six years later the work had grown to such magnitude that Mrs. Clemens exclaimed, when she saw what burdens they had been carrying: "Why, here is work enough for six! I can't see how you two have done it all!"

On the 13th of August, 1880, Miss Denning and Miss Chapin took steamer for Buenos Ayres, and on the 15th they sailed for home. When their South American friends bade them "good bye" they had much reason to fear that Miss Denning would find her final resting place beneath the waves of the Atlantic. But with the "surcease of care" her health rallied, and she reached New York, September 30th, somewhat improved by the voyage. Under all her trials she had anchored to the promise, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

MISS J. M. CHAPIN.

Miss Chapin was born in Chicopee, Mass., June 20th, 1842, and left motherless when only six months old. At the age of fourteen she was awakened to a sense of sinfulness that filled her soul with anguish and gloom. Then she decided to follow Christ whithersoever He would lead, and His peace filled her heart.

After the usual probation she was received into full membership in the church by Rev. J. S. Barrows. She loved the prayer and class meetings, and she felt very anxious to learn something of books that she might be more useful.

After many discouragements from domestic afflictions and ill health, she entered Wilbraham Academy in 1865, where she studied for a number of terms; after which she engaged in teaching.

Her interest in foreign missions was aroused by attending the monthly meetings of the auxiliary of the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, of which she was a member.

In 1873 her father died, and her grief was extreme. In her depression she repeated to herself some lines that she had read:

"I know thy burden, child; I shaped it;
Poised it in mine own hand;
Made no proportion in its weight to thine unaided strength;
But, as I laid it on thy heart, I said:
'While she leans on me this burden shall be mine, not hers.'"

An infinite peace filled her soul, and she felt as if she could follow the Saviour to the world's end. A call was made for some one to go to Rosario, and after due consideration she was sent thither.

After six and a half years of faithful service, she returned to North America, in broken health, from which she has been restored by the blessing of God.

MRS. E. J. M. CLEMENS.

Mrs. Clemens was born in Trumbull Co., Ohio, Sept. 5th, 1841. Her father, Rev. J. McCartney, was at that time pastor of the Scotch Church (Independent) in Gustavus. He had come from Lanarkshire, Scotland, two years before the birth of this child; and when she was six years old he removed with his family to Lawrence Co., Pa., where they remained till his death, a few years later.

The mother died in 1853, after which Kingsville, Ohio, became the home of this daughter. She attended the academy there three years, and then

taught in district schools, and studied alternate terms, till 1860, when she received the "*Teacher's Diploma.*" Then she engaged in teaching in southern Illinois, where her brother had established himself in the practice of law.

In 1863 she entered "*Lake Erie Female Seminary,*" Painesville, Ohio, from which she graduated with the class of '65.

In 1866 she was married to P. C. Clemens, of Pope Co., Illinois. He died in 1871, and her energy prompted her to resume her work as a teacher, which she followed steadily and successfully, till she was accepted by the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, and sent to its work in Rosario.

She was converted at the age of fifteen. A year later, after as careful a study of doctrines as she could give the subject, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church—the Scotch Presbyterian granite in her character making a good basis for Methodist fervor.

Her drawing toward foreign missionary work began with her conversion, if not earlier. She intended to offer herself to some society for service in foreign fields, but domestic duties hindered for a

while. There were no woman's societies then, and there was little to encourage women to take up this work, except as they became the wives of missionaries; so the years slipped by, and she married a man in active business and public life. After his death she looked upon herself as too old to meet the requirements of the missionary boards. As many another has done, she laid the leading purpose of her life away in its grave, and set herself resolutely at filling up her years with minor activities.

In 1877 she became acquainted with the doctrine and experience of entire devotion to God. Then her courage for service revived, and under the inspiration and questionings of a friend whom she met at the Michigan State camp meeting, at Petoskey, she consented to offer herself as a candidate for foreign missionary work.

She was accepted; and sailed for Rosario by way of Liverpool, March 2d, 1880, on the steamer *Montana*.

The day after her arrival in Rosario, Aug. 4th, though far from familiar with Spanish, she took charge of the school.

Under the pressure of hard work her health has

given away, and she has been obliged to come home on health furlough.

MISS J. E. GOODENOUGH.

Miss Goodenough was born in Oakland Co., Mich., Aug. 3d, 1843, and at the age of ten she removed to Genessee county in the same State, which was her home till she was sent by the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society* to Rosario.

Her education was begun at home, under the care of an older brother, and continued in the district school till she entered the Flint High School.

She taught for several years; and a part of the time she labored successfully among the freed people of the South.

She was converted at the age of sixteen; and the first thought that entered her mind after the coming in of the Divine peace, was:

> "The arms of love that compass me
> Would all mankind embrace."

That seemed an earnest of the work that lay before her. Later, when she came to trust Christ

fully, she was led to offer herself for service in foreign fields, and in 1880 she was accepted, and appointed to the school work in Rosario.

The ladies have long needed the help of

A MATRON;

and finally the Society has sent Mrs. L. M. Turney, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., who goes out with a heart full of missionary fervor, as well as with abundant housewifely knowledge. We confidently expect that under her care the women of Rosario will get a notion of a model American home.

THE HOME IN ROSARIO.

As it is a part of the mission of this little book to help build the *Rosario Home*, it must say a word on that behalf.

When Victor Emanuel entered Rome, he said: "We are here, and we have come to stay."

Nothing more certainly inspires confidence in any enterprise than an assurance of stability. Every one who has had charge of school work knows how important is a sense of permanence in an institution dependent upon public patronage.

This is felt more certainly in Catholic than in Heathen countries. Notwithstanding this fact we have permitted our ladies in Rosario to carry on our work in a rented house, thus giving their Jesuitical enemies the opportunity to declare that the school was only an experiment, merely a transient affair.

We have paid a high rent, yet they have been extremely uncomfortable; their health has been seriously injured by the discomfort, and their usefulness lessened by so much. Men groom most carefully the animals for which they have paid a great price, and from whose speed they hope to win large sums.

We can not afford to be careless with such costly material as the consecrated lives of noble women, who have left all that they may win—not money—but the souls of the perishing.

Miss Denning says: "Imagine yourselves in a brick house, brick floors under your feet, brick ceilings over your heads, vegetation growing on the dank walls, roofs, and even upon the matting over which you walk—no fire all winter, and the thermometer from 50 to 35 degrees, and sometimes

below the freezing point. On a rainy day you have to put on waterproof and rubbers to go from the sitting-room to the dining-room, and from every room to the kitchen.

"The walls of my sleeping-room used to be as wet as if they were drenched with water. My bedstead was of iron, and I placed papers over the frame to protect the mattress from rust. In a few days the papers had absorbed so much water that it could be wrung from them. Such a bed was a miserable refuge for rest after shivering all day with the cold. The only fire in the house was in the kitchen ; and that in a *fugon*—a pile of brick with two or three small holes on the top and a little grate under them, over which the cooking was done. It could spare very little heat, and the room in which it stood was only large enough for the cook to move about in."

It is certainly poor economy for us to permit our representatives in any mission field to work under such disadvantages. May God arouse our home workers to feel the need of contributing largely, that before another cold, damp winter, the *Home* may be built and occupied.

Mrs. Clemens will now "take the floor" and tell the story of her journey, and what she knows about Rosario. J. F. W.

CHAPTER II.

Sailing from New York — Shipwrecked off the Coast of Wales — Taken by the *Sea King* to Liverpool — In Glasgow.

There could not have been a more propitious day for beginning a journey than the 2d of March, 1880, on which the *Montana* steamed out of East River into the broad Atlantic. The sky was never more unconscious of a frown. The winds were never more at peace with each other and all created things. Never did steamer bear itself more proudly, or passengers trust themselves more confidently to the sport of the elements.

The missionary party, in which we of this writing are specially interested, was a hopeful trio: Mr. Hollett, of the General Missionary Society, going out to fight malaria and fetichism in "the dark continent;" Miss Michener, sent by the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, Philadelphia Branch, to that same missionary burial ground, and the writer going to represent the Northwestern

Branch of the Society in one of the South American republics.

The school in Rosario de Santa Fe had grown to goodly proportions; but the teachers, Miss L. B. Denning and Miss J. M. Chapin, had failed in health, and they must be immediately relieved for rest.

Well for us that beautiful morning, when we waved adieu to our respective Secretaries, and set our faces joyfully toward our work, that we could not see into the future. We would have shuddered to know that the *Montana* was going upon the rocks on that terrible Welsh coast, and Miss Michener, the gentle and kindly, would soon close her eyes for the long sleep, laid to rest in a Liberian cemetery.

I think it would not have abated our determination, however, for we were following the injunction of the Iron Duke, and "obeying our marching orders."

Fairly out upon the ocean swells, my circulation, never quite proof against sudden disturbances, fell into its usual unsailor-like confusion. Brain and stomach in one dread "torture blent"—a complete civil war—of most uncivil type,—in the jumble

and discords dire of which it was impossible to tell what was what; and all the time boiling lava flowing through my veins: the old experience of fearing the first hour lest I should die, and every following one lest I should not be so fortunate.

Surely I must have been resolutely set to be a missionary, for at almost any time during those purgatorial ten thousand miles if I had been asked how I was, I might have quoted with truthfulness the old jingle: "No better, thank you; almost dead, much obliged to you. I'm a great deal worse than I was, and I don't think I ever was any better."

I was immediately consigned to the cooing attentions of the stewardess, who hourly repeated: "Please goodness, you'll not suffer like this to-morrow." But the second day rough weather set in, and each to-morrow the waves grew more boisterous, each night the demons of the sea held more hideous revelry.

Before we hailed the Irish coast one life-boat had been carried away, another had been stove, and, as the sequel proved, a third hopelessly disabled. Then the goblins of the deep retired to their caves,

and the human hearts they had buffeted sent up a thanksgiving.

At Queenstown the government inspector came on board, laughed at our dilapidated appearance, took a glass of grog, and climbed down the ropes into his boat. The pilot came on board, letters were sent on shore, and again we were moving on in high spirits. The land breeze inspired me with new life, and the faithful stewardess ejaculated: "Please goodness, you will be all right to-morrow!"

Toward the next morning we were threading along in the fog, *feeling* for the clear waters, when the ship was suddenly raised up without noise. I compared it to the motion in canal locks, and vaguely wondered if such a motion accompanied the getting into port. There was a hush. Then I called, "What is the matter?" No answer came from the watchman who had kept his nightly beat in front of our rooms, so I crept out of my berth to investigate. As I reached the cabin the purser came rushing down. "Get on deck, quick! Tell them all not to wait for anything. On deck, quick! We are wrecked!"

On deck was pitchy blackness, rendered more

intense by the glare of the tar lights and the lurid flash of the distress rockets, and more hideous by the boom of the signal gun. All but two of the firemen had deserted their post and were surging up and down the deck, panic stricken. We were ordered forward, and in trying to obey were beaten back by this grimy, living wave. Owing to the careening of the ship and the twisting of its iron bars the first life-boat could not be lowered. Another was let down, and the work of filling it was begun by tying a rope around the body of each of us under the arms. Then we clambered over the railing, clung to the rope ladder, swung over the dark abyss, and were caught by a sailor who deposited us at his feet in the life-boat. The purser told me afterward that when the ship did not immediately sink, and the firemen had deserted, a boiler explosion was averted solely by the heroism of the engineer and two of his men, who worked with wet cloths thrown over their faces, till their arms were literally baked.

Before my turn came to be swung overboard, another boat was lowered into which the gentlemen were peremptorily ordered. I was in the last boat

let down, and when the sailor let go of me I went to my knees in water. As speedily as possible another boat was brought around and we were picked up by strong arms and tossed over into it. All the little belongings that had thus far been clung to were lost in the transfer, as were also the blankets that had been thrown down for our protection. It was immediately found necessary to begin caulking this second boat. Again came the frantic demand from the upper deck, "For God's sake push off!" But whither should we go? The boats spun round and round trying to go no one knew whither. At last the one in which Mr. Hollett was, struck off toward the dim outline of the rocky coast, and after long search found a small cove into which it entered. By wading through the surf nearly breast deep the men reached land. They were quite unable to move the pity of the cottagers; and, seeing no better refuge, they returned to the wreck. Through all the weary hours, from three o'clock till day, no human being came out, on that thickly-settled coast, to offer help or raise a beacon light; but when the sun rose they came in crowds to seize the booty of the relentless sea. Thanks to

the vigilance of the officers and the faithfulness of the crew they were cheated of their prey.

Under cover of the darkness and confusion, eleven firemen had slipped down the side of the wreck and hid themselves in our boat, making twenty-nine persons in a boat designed at its best estate to carry only fifteen. It stood sorely in need of caulking. That being utterly out of the question, baling alone remained. This the firemen refused to do, as also to help at the oars. Only three sailors had fallen to our lot, and the prospect was not flattering. Signs of mutiny were rife. For a few minutes harsh words were bandied between the infuriated men and the powerless officer. The passengers began to sing. The rain was pouring upon us. The water lacked only a few inches of filling the boat and the revolving light in the dim distance seemed to come no nearer. There was no human probability that that boat would ever reach the shore. But no one spoke of danger or fear. Every one was in the most uncomfortable position, but no one spoke of discomfort. During all the hours from the striking of the *Montana* to the landing in Liverpool, not a groan was uttered. Each tried to keep

from the others every known cause of fear. As the mutiny grew worse the voice of song rose, soft at first, but stronger as one tremulous tone after another joined in the refrain—"Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Jesus, lover of my Soul," "Rock of Ages." As we sung, creeping along in the darkness that seemed as though it never would grow light, the rebellious spirit died away, the men began to bale with a will, and to take turns helping at the oars. Finally, when the daylight struggled through the clouds, and we sung "Pull for the Shore," the seamen themselves joined in the song. Toward nine o'clock we neared the Holyhead lighthouse, and sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," with as true a feeling of thanks as has ever been known in all the years since Luther's grand anthem filled Germany.

The Holyhead breakwater is one of the boasts of British engineering. The Holyhead lighthouse on this breakwater is one of her marine wonders. The Holyhead harbor is the best on the Welsh coast, and the town, the commercial emporium of the principality.

As our boat neared the breakwater the keeper of the lighthouse stood on it with his hands in his

pockets, leisurely surveying us without the formality of an eye-glass.

"Where is the best place to land the ladies?" called out our officer.

"Steps," was the laconic reply.

"They are ill and faint. Can we land them anywhere near a hotel?"

"Don't know."

"Are there steps further up?"

"Yes."

"Is the tide so we can get to them?"

"You can tell by trying," still without moving a finger to help, or showing even a flicker of awakening sympathy. As the tide was ebbing it was thought best to land us there. We were all stiff from the cold and from sitting cramped in the water. One brave sailor lad, who had twice ventured into the sea to free the boats from the wreck, and who had had his shoes torn from his feet and his toe crushed when the boats ground against each other, and, during that five and a half hours, had rowed for our lives without relaxing a muscle, stood on the steps till each of us was once more safe on terra firma.

"I think a few missionaries should be sent to this coast," was his sententious comment upon the inhospitalities.

Now behold our little company, famished, chilled, tottering through a gaping sidewalk crowd. Then imagine us *sans* shoes, *sans* hats, *sans* purse or scrip, with the coin thrust carelessly into an ulster pocket, trying to find in the Liliputian shops of that inhospitable town the outer integuments that would restore to us the appearance of Christian civilization.

The tug *Sea King* took us on board with what luggage could be secured, and with hearty good will to make us as comfortable as possible, carried us to Liverpool.

It was a strange looking company that went through the custom house near midnight, March 14th; but twenty-four hours at a comfortable caravansera, with food, sleep, clothing, and sense of safety, served to throw the dismal night, the dangerous sea, the sinking ship, quite into the past. So does Nature take away the disagreeable things that have gone by, saving for us from them only lessons for future hope and thanksgiving.

We reached Liverpool ten hours after the *Mon-*

rovia had sailed for Africa; so I was not yet to be separated from my good missionary friends.

Mr. Hollett went to London; and Miss Michener spent the two weeks of her waiting with me among my Glasgow friends, where a warm Scotch welcome gave us good cheer.

The days sped by; the good byes must be said at last; the friendly grasp that had been tightened by our shared dangers, was wrenched loose; and I was left to wait till my Board at home could send the lady who was to take up with me the burden of the Rosario school.

Strange notions did the Glasgonians entertain of my field of labor.

When I was shopping my friend spoke of my mission to those with whom we dealt, most of whom were old acquaintances.

"South America!" exclaimed the oculist, "you had better take a pistol."

"South America!" ejaculated the stationer. "My advice to you, madam, is that you provide yourself with a good gun and knife. You are more like to have need of them than anything else. They are awful out there for killing folk."

"South America!" The measure almost dropped from the draper's fingers. "They're muckle in need o' missionaries there. It's a dreadfu', dreadfu' pairt o' the airth. They'll no even let one lie in the grave in peace. Ye mind Geordie Allen, the gas man, Sam'l? Yon was where he gae'd ta. He was dain' weel in Glasgy, as weel as ane need wish, but he maun da better, sa he pulls up, an' awa ta South America. Weel, his son, Wattie, pined awa like, an' deed, an' when he had been buriet a week or mair, tha papists cam an' dug his body up, an' threw it out on the grun' for the beasts and varmin to devour. They would na suffer a heretic, as they cawed him, ta wait for the resurrection. It clean brak his mither's hairt an' the family is quite gane doon since. Ay, they've muckle need o' missionaries, an' I am thankfu' ta see ane willing ta gang ta their enlightenin', but ye ken, self-preservation is the first law o' nature, and my advice to you is ta gang prepared wi' a guid revolver, an' ken how to use it."

"Na, na, lassie," said Mr. Melross, as we left the store, "you'll tak nae revolver, nor nathing o' the sort. You're no engagin' in a fleshly warfare. The advice is weel meant, but its no best keepet. They

that hae na God to trust in, bid trust in guns an' knives. But you hae slippit your han' into the arm o' the Lord, strong an' mighty, an' he'll no let ye slip. You've committed your way ta his keepin', and he'll no let any evil thing come near ye. He'll no even let a hair o' your head perish. It looks like mistrustin' him ta fill your pockets wi' weapons. An' mair nor that, it has a tendency ta mak ane trust the weapons rather than the arm that is mighty to save. Na, na. Ye'll just gang in the name o' the Lord Jesus Christ, an' ye'll need nae ither protection."

A few days later I sat in a cozy parlor in Biggar, when an old farmer stopped at the door. He was in haste, and would not enter till told that a missionary for South America was there. Then his haste was forgotten. With a beaming countenance he came forward to wish me God-speed. "Ay," said he, "it is a dark, dark corner of the earth to which you go. I have known many that have gone there. My neighbor laddie went away there, and in a wee while was killed. Some ha' gone and just disappeared like. We never ken what has become o' them. I've prayed this mony a year that the

light o' the blissed gospel might be carried to all heathen lands, and especially that one, and now that my eye sees one on the way to tell the news of Him that died *to take away sin*, it makes me almost feel as did Simeon of old." Again he turned to bless me in the name of the Lord, and yet a third time came back to shake my hand, so glad was he that at last the news of salvation was to be borne to what he regarded as the darkest corner of the world.

CHAPTER III.

Waiting — Studying Spanish — Starting for Rosario — The Voyage — Stopping at St. Vincent — Resting in Montevideo.

Three months were spent in waiting for my associate from America; part of the time with my Scottish friends, part of the time in the home of Dr. Asa Mahan, in London, under the tutelage of a man from Madrid, who did his best to crowd my head with Spanish verbs and adjectives.

Word came of the work slipping from the numb fingers of those heroic Rosario missionaries, who could not possibly hold out much longer. Till then I had supposed that we passed each other in mid-ocean, and they were safe with their friends at home. I could wait no longer, so June 14th found me on the little steamer *Pliny*, bound for Rosario.

There is hardly a chance for smooth sailing on a small vessel out upon the Atlantic swells: so my first week at sea was spent in my berth in the depths of the old torture.

During that time the wee, floating Inquisition had steamed through a Bay of Biscay squall and a fog, and was nearing the Madeiras.

The evening of the 21st the sea seemed quiet, and I ventured upon deck for a breath of fresh air. An occasional swell sent the water across the ship; and ere many minutes a lurch of the awkward little craft sent me against the railing, which I caught with my hands, saving myself a broken arm.

We passed the Madeiras, which we could see outlined against the sky in an embankment of gorgeous clouds. I sat alone, braced upon deck, watching the play of the moon with the billowy masses of fleecy mist that she piled up now, till they covered even her eyes, and then tossed hither and thither—finding time in the pauses in her sport to tip with silver every wavelet that lifted toward her its laughing brow. A ship passed with sails all set, bound for dear, blessed North America, where—no, we will not talk about that.

Only a week at sea, and yet the day had shortened two hours. The sun was journeying northward—we were going south. Summer was in full glory *at home*, but we were driving toward the

winter. Two winters in one year! Fortunately the later one will be more gentle than those that used to set the cheeks of my Michigan boys and girls a-tingle.

Only one other passenger, a pleasant little English lady, for Montevideo, and yet I am never alone nor lonely, for He said: "Lo, I am with you alway."

The next day the sun shone gloriously; and the sea seemed sown thickly with stars—or were they millions of silver butterflies floating on the blue waters ?—or was it diamond dust scattered from the hand of One who must love beauty and have infinite store of it—to throw it about so prodigally ?

There is no twilight out here upon the ocean. Fifteen minutes after sunset it is night.

After dark we went upon the upper deck, but the stars that had the courage to shine in the presence of the full moon were quite bewildering. I had always had implicit confidence in the North Star, but he seemed to have been intoxicated. He had staggered out of his place and he was getting into such strange companionship I could hardly believe my senses, or that I was in the same world.

Another week dragged by. Gray sky, gray sea, no ship in sight, not a fish, not a gull—nothing ! Then we cast anchor in St. Vincent's harbor to take in coal ; and discovered that there was yet land with live people on it.

This is one of the windward group of the West India Islands belonging to Great Britain. It is rich and beautiful, but volcanic. Columbus discovered it ; it was first settled by the black chattels from a shipwrecked slaver.

What strange little lives must be lived in those small, square village houses ! All those people have to do with the great, busy world that lies beyond their horizon of water, is to store coal that English ships bring here, and then send it out to other ships in gunny bags upon heavy, tub-like, iron-clad barges. Yet we may be sure there are the universal human sins and sorrows, loves and hates, the same little, buzzing round of emulations, joys and cares. I wonder if souls find their way to Heaven from that little dot of life out in the sea.

To be sure — can not our Master, our Elder Brother, find us anywhere ?

There is a bit of the terrible human tragedy in

sight just now. A ship at anchor, waiting for a sailing master to arrive from England to take her on to Australia. Her captain dying of small-pox, she put in here for medical help. The authorities obliged her to go out to open sea for his burial, and wait till they send to England for some one to take his place. A company of impatient passengers, a heart-broken widow whose little son has been buried with his father in the sea ;—they have been here three weeks, and must wait no one knows how much longer. There is prayer going up from that ship, one may be sure. A barque floated "the Stars and Stripes" at her mast-head. It grew misty whenever I looked at that blessed bit of bunting. June 30th I felt a little lonely at bidding good bye to the dear, tipsy old North Star. In counting the cost it had not occurred to me that the heavens must fall. By way of compensation the Southern Cross came in sight. Gain is usually born of loss.

A dead calm for two days and then a gale;—great bellowing waves breaking over the ship. One rushing under the stern would toss it in air and hiss along the keel. Then a head wind would snatch the main-mast from the water into which it had

dipped and send it upward with a celerity that put an end to all calculation.

The stewardess broke out with, "Now let this be a lesson to you never to put your foot on the sea again!" I humbly reminded her that to follow her injunction would make me a perpetual exile, and she replied: "Then I'd never have started. I'd break stones first." When she came back, a few minutes later, her conscience seemed to have given a twinge. With a grim attempt at pleasantry and a ghastly smile, she said: "Upon my word I must do something to get you out of this, or the Company will be losers by you yet. It would take seven or eight yards of canvas to bury you in, you are so tall."

July 15th we were at anchor ten miles from Montevideo;—just a month of storms and calms, torment and monotony since we left Liverpool.

Our pilot came on board, but the sea was breaking over the ship so fearfully he did not attempt to make the harbor. All that has preceded this is as child's play. "Keep me safe" is all the prayer for which I have strength.

In Montevideo I was warmly welcomed to a

blessed missionary home; and the days of rest that followed, under the roof of Superintendent Wood, were delightful, from their contrast with my month of tossing between rough seas and stormy skies, and also from the genial kindliness of these friends.

CHAPTER IV.

Montevideo — Streets — Parks — Temperance Work — The Baker — The Poultry Man — Miss Guelfi's School — Missionary Service — Sunday-School — Matè — The Bull Fight — The Love Feast.

Except Rio Janeiro, Montevideo is the finest city south of the equator. It is built on a peninsula extending a mile into a bay of the same name. It has a population of 100,000. In the old city the streets are utterly without plan, twisting no one knows whither. In the new town they are regularly laid out and have broad sidewalks with flagstone pavement. The Calle Diez yocho de Julie, (named in honor of the declaration of independence in Uruguay), running north and south, is 100 feet wide and has a double street-car track. It is a beautiful avenue, with paradise and other tropical trees. On it the public parades take place, processions moving up one side and down the other. It is always beautifully illuminated at night, but especially on fête days. On such occasions,

which are not unfrequent, bright colored lanterns hang from the trees, and gay cambrics and wreaths of flowers drape every available spot. It has three parks; one in front of the government building serves as a review ground for the troops; and one in front of the city buildings set with paradise trees, has a large fountain in the middle. The third is a beautiful flower garden with a bronze statue of Liberty on a fluted granite pedestal forty feet high. The public buildings are commodious, substantial and in good taste. The business houses are as good as business houses of the same class in North American cities. Some of the private residences are very fine. The avenue leading to the Pasea Molina, an aristocratic quarter, excels Euclid avenue, Cleveland, (which has been called the finest street in the United States,) in the variety and picturesqueness, if not also in the substantial excellence of its buildings. They are in all varieties of style, from the Chinese pagoda to the solid Ionian. The building material in Montevideo, as in all cities of the La Plata valley, is a coarse, hard baked brick. The walls are plastered outside and in, and tinted in every shade, from bright

scarlet to pale blue. The fronts are ornate with plaster of Paris mouldings and stucco work. Many are faced with marble, and in all houses of any pretension there are marble thresholds, marble stairs and marble paved courts called *patios.* The white marble is brought from Italy. There is a dark colored variety found in the country which is coming slightly into use. The cost of bringing it from the interior is, however, equal to that of importing it from across the sea.

At present the citizens have all the advantage of a *Central* or *Fairmount* park free of cost. Many years ago a Mr. Buschenthal bought a large tract of land beyond what is now the Pasea Molina, and undertook to make of it an earthly paradise. Groves of Brazilian, Australian and Indian trees were transplanted to this estate. Brooklets were made to meander through romantic little glens and wildernesses of shrubbery. Fountains and tiny lakes sparkled in the sunlight, and water nymphs peeped from leafy coverts, in imitation of Italian and Grecian art glories. A few years ago this paradise scheme was abandoned and "The Prado" was offered for sale. Unfortunately no buyer was found.

The city fathers looked into the treasury and shook their heads. A few fragments were sold and turned into suburban homes, but the main part of the estate lies open to pleasure seekers.

Montevideo is the entrepôt of commerce for the whole republic, a country twelve times the size of Massachusetts. In the old town every seductive art that can lead mariners astray is plied with as much vigor as sin can give, but, as yet, no Bethel points to a home beyond the sea of time. No "Young Men's Christian Association" furnishes healthful recreation and offers the advantages of night schools and lectures. Our Mission Superintendent and his wife, seeing the ruin rum was making, organized a Good Templar's Lodge, which for two years has met in their house. The work has spread among the sailors till now many of them come regularly when their ships come in, to report progress and claim the sympathy of Mrs. Wood, on whom, principally, the care of the temperance cause now rests.

If money can be raised to rent and furnish a house near the docks, the agent of the American Bible Society, who is a Scotchman, thinks that he could get a suitable man and his wife to come from

Scotland to take charge of it. In passing, Mrs. Wood pointed out a corner, with the remark: "That is a house I covet for a Seaman's Bethel, because the light from it can be seen for miles across the water;" but she added, with a sigh, "Where is the money to come from?" Alas, there are so many things needed to beat back the waves of sin, to cast up the highway of holiness, to prepare the way of the Lord; *and the treasury is empty.* Yet, is not the earth the Lord's, and the fullness thereof? What are his stewards thinking about?

As it was midwinter, and the height of the rainy season, I could spend but little time out of doors, but from the sitting room window I caught my first glimpses of Spanish American life. A baker passed on a mule that would be no credit to a freedman's plantation after the army worm, the chinch bug and the grasshopper had been through the section. The panedero, happily unconscious of such comparison, trots composedly over the cobble-stones, carrying his loaves in two monstrous cow-hide baskets swung across his mule, panier fashion, between which he sits sidewise on an indescribable something that does duty as a saddle. Close at his

heels is the milkman, on the mate to his mule, with his milk cans strung in leathern pouches.

Down the cross street comes another, with chickens tied by the legs, and dangling from the sides of a poverty-stricken pony.

Here comes another, with baskets only less capacious than those of the baker, and half a dozen hens sitting on each. A string of dried onions festoons his saddle and garlands the neck of his Rosinante, and his stentorian voice informs housekeepers two or three squares in advance of him, that there are eggs in the basket. Everywhere men are selling flowers. Everywhere women are going about with lace thrown over their heads. Everywhere are carts drawn by starved mules or horses, three abreast, and horses standing waiting for a driver, hitched by a strap buckled around their fore legs. Everywhere nunneries, cathedrals, image manufactories or monasteries. Everywhere monks, friars and mendicants cross one's path. Everywhere the cloud of paganism, spread by papal edict, shrouds the people. One week in Montevideo brought to view such marked contrasts with our own land as made me thankful that our

French and Indian War ended as it did, leaving the descendants of the Puritans masters of the Mississippi valley.

There is a marked similarity in the physical geography of the Mississippi and La Plata valleys, and a marked contrast between the social, intellectual, and moral status of their inhabitants, which can be accounted for only by the difference between an open Bible and a bigoted despotism, between a Christ and a crucifix.

Notwithstanding the continued rains and my physical prostration, I was anxious to make the most of my opportunity to become acquainted with the work and workers of the Missionary society. Accordingly I made an early visit to the schools of the W. F. M. S., under charge of Miss Guelfi. She has two schools; one for young children, in which forty pupils are receiving gratuitous instruction. Those received above that number pay a small tuition. The list is always full, and applicants for admission are always in advance of the accommodations. These pupils are principally the children of members of the Mission church, under the pastorate of Rev. Thos. B. Wood. They

are taught by two of the young ladies from the higher school, under the direction of Miss Guelfi, who spends two hours in the morning with them in this school. Her higher, or Normal class, now numbers fifteen. They are chiefly from Catholic families. Their school room is on one of the principal streets of the city. All are expected to pay tuition, but a few of them are running in debt for their instruction, and pledge themselves to pay $5 per month out of their first earnings as teachers, until the debt is liquidated. Thus she gets a claim upon their services, if she should be so situated in the mission work as to make the claim available. Miss Guelfi is herself a teacher of rank. The National government offered her just twice the salary the Missionary society pays, but she preferred to work in the evangelical cause. She is a pretty, sprightly little lady. When I looked into her school-room, a class in physiology was reciting. She had some human bones gathered from the cemetery, from which she was demonstrating; her face glowing with enthusiasm as she ran her slender fingers over the pieces of the human mechanism.

At 8 o'clock Sabbath morning I went with Mr.

Wood to a meeting held in the "pit" of an old theatre, which now serves as a place of worship, and is the only property owned by the M. E. church in Uruguay. This meeting is for the benefit of a dozen converts, less or more, whom he calls his *Missionary Committee.* Every Sabbath morning he spends an hour and a half instructing them; after which they spend half an hour in a consecration prayer meeting, then go out two and two, like the disciples of old, to their Sunday-school work. There are now twelve schools in the city. The committee are on the alert for every new opening. A room is secured at the lowest possible rent. Notice is given throughout the section, the door is opened, and the exercise begun by singing Spanish hymns, which excite the curiosity of the people. We went to three of these schools in the afternoon. In one which was held in a private house, I was first offered the universal popular beverage, *matè.* It is made from the leaves of a plant called by the English "Paraguay tea." These leaves are made into a powder. Some of the powder is put into a gourd with boiling water. The liquid is drawn through a tube called a bombilla. The gourd is

passed from hand to hand, and each takes the same bombilla in his mouth, much as the Indians smoke the same pipe.

During the week I visited a school room of another class, one vastly more popular, and whose audiences are numbered by thousands, including the *élite* of the city.

The "Bull Ring" is outside of the town. The circular wall, inclosing several acres, is built of brick, twenty feet high. The upper seats are on a level with the platform at the top of the wall. Under the seats are the compartments for the horses, the cages for the wild bulls, dressing rooms for the combatants, the home of the janitor, and a drinking saloon. The best private box belongs to the government. It has over it the Uruguay coat of arms, and is always occupied by government officials. Here the President of the Republic holds the post of honor, as does the King in Spain. There are several boxes taken by the aristocracy, and one by the municipality. Aside from these there are seats for 7,000, and standing room for about 1,000 more. A ticket for an open seat costs five dollars.

The member of the Mission church who drove me out to see it, and who explained it to me through Mr. Wood's little girl as interpreter, is a convert from the barbarism of these sports, in which he once delighted. He shuddered as he explained to me the uses of the different parts; where the gate opened to admit to the inner circle of the arena the wild beast, infuriated by abuses practiced in the cell; where the men enter; where, if too sorely pressed, they may spring through wickets; where the dead carcasses are withdrawn, amid the huzzas of the multitude; and where, in his richly furnished box opposite that of the government, the manager sits and directs the whole.

Sunday is the day for bull-fights, although a feast-day is occasionally honored by such observance. "The season" begins in December, and lasts about four months, during which the affair is regularly opened at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. People come from Buenos Ayres and more remote cities by hundreds. Steamers make special excursions for them. The band strikes up a spirited march, and three picadores, three banderilleros and two espadas enter, march around the arena, and salute the govern-

ment officials. The picadores are horsemen wearing padded trousers lined with cowhide, to prevent the horns of the bull penetrating the flesh. They wear broad brimmed hats. Brilliant capes hang gracefully over the arm. The banderilleros wear knee-breeches, magnificently embroidered in parti-colors down the sides. The waists are a glittering network of jet. They wear black caps and small capes. They carry slender rods about a foot long, with a barb on one end and a red tassel on the other. The espadas dress in satin, yellow, or some other bright color. The knee-breeches are elaborately embroidered with red, white and green. The upper part of the dress is a blaze of silver or gold embroidery, and throws out scintillations of light with every step. They wear black caps, glowing capes, and long swords, well calculated to set off faces full of haughty pride, fire and cruelty. When the gate is opened the bull bounds into the arena and is saluted by torpedoes. He is expected to look around him, panting with excitement and pawing the earth furiously. If he fail in these indications of ferocity, the trainer is ready to commit suicide. For a native trainer to produce a bull

more fierce than those imported from Spain, is to make of him a hero. Recently an ovation was offered such a one. When the bull is pawing the earth a picadore rides up, and flaunts his cape or a red flag in the animal's face. The bull rushes at full speed upon horse and rider, but just as his horns are lowered to gore them, the rider makes a quick turn and another picadore flaunts the hated color before his eyes; thus they draw the danger from each other. Sometimes one bull, and as many as eight horses are killed in one encounter, and often horse and rider share the same fate. When the animal is thoroughly intoxicated with frenzy the banderilleros dance about him, watching their chance to thrust a barb into his neck. The bull grows frantic, and his tormentors dance in and out of the arena like evil spirits, clad in dazzling garments, tempting death in every motion. As he grows more terrible in his fury they increase in graceful and daring agility. Then an espada presents himself before the master of ceremonies and begs permission to kill the bull. Bowing low in acknowledgment of the favor, he advances with proud bearing, sword in hand, over which is thrown

a gay cloth. Now comes the thrilling part of the scene, to which all before has simply been introductory. The tormentors grow more daring, darting recklessly under the horns of the bull, running before him with only the trailing cape between them and death. Yet is there method in their recklessness. They must keep the creature within certain limits, where he can be most advantageously met by the espada, who in the mean time keeps close by his side, watching his opportunity to make the fatal sword-thrust. By his anatomical knowledge he sees the moment, and "the brute with a soul and the brute without a soul meet in the almost equal contest for life." If the first thrust does not prove fatal, the chase must be renewed. When the bull falls the troop of tormentors circle around him, waving their brilliant capes in exultation. The bands strike up triumphant strains, rockets are fired, and the spectators are tumultuous with their acclamations, as were the old Romans in the gladiatorial contests. Horses are hurried into the arena, drawing a pair of low wheels, to which the carcass is attached, and hurried through the exit gateway, and a fresh victim is admitted. Us-

ually six, sometimes eight, are killed for an afternoon's diversion. The country outside the wall was strewed with bleaching bones, but recently an economic use is made of the carcasses by a soap factory, which has been erected close by.

For days beforehand the newspapers are full of sensational advertisements of the affair, and for days succeeding, reviews give technical details, while artistic criticisms crowd out all other matters. The Tauromachian company is as regularly organized as any opera troupe. They come from Spain (which for 300 years was the right hand of papal paganism), where all the actors are trained, and all the rules governing them are made.*

After such a scene how refreshing is the Spanish love-feast in the old theatre, where the solemn

* Formerly there was a bull ring in Rosario. Largely through the influence of our missionaries a law was passed forbidding the sport. A society was formed for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which held a three days' agricultural exhibition in the deserted ring. This novelty excited so much interest that fine stock was brought from long distances, and Mrs. Rev. Thos. B. Wood was one of three ladies who gave out the first medals ever distributed in the province for true merit, as viewed from a North American industrial and humane standpoint. But although a law had been secured forbidding bull-fights, an edict could not make public sentiment delight in unostentatious displays. Time and much true teaching are necessary for so great a transformation.

hush, the reverent attitudes, the grave, happy faces speak of lives dedicated to life's noblest aim. No time is lost. Each one who rises says politely, "I ask for the word;" the pastor bows, and he proceeds to tell his story of God's wonderful goodness, and man's impotent rage, till he remembers that there are others who have trials or triumphs of which to speak. With the words "He dicho," (I have spoken,) he takes his seat. One man tells how he has been straightened by the withdrawal of his patrons because they can not employ a tailor who is a heretic, and how the priest has persuaded some who owed him for work not to pay; but that none of these things move him, because he finds the promises of God very precious.

Later I heard this man say in elegant Spanish, he was glad that another had come to spread the true light of the gospel, "for," said he, "the fields are white for the harvest, and the laborers so few, so very few; and we who have been reclaimed from paganism know so very little. Pray for us that our light may increase." These expressions, "coming to the light," "reclaimed from paganism," and "the precious, precious promises," were conspicuous in

the remarks of the majority of the speakers. Toward the close the pastor read a letter from Sr. Pensoti, which sent a thrill through the audience. I have since had the pleasure of meeting him. He is one of those sweet humble spirits transformed by grace, rarely met, more rarely appreciated, and of whom the world is not worthy, but through whom the Spirit of God delights to work in saving souls. He says that before the Holy Spirit took hold of him he was the vilest of sinners, a statement not contradicted by those who knew him. During the week of prayer, in 1877, he was converted. The immediate change in his life was apparent to all. His development in grace was rapid. An ignorant man, a carpenter, from being a terror in the neighborhood he became a praise in the church. In 1878 Mr. Wood put him upon the *Missionary Committee.* In 1879 he gave him a license to exhort; in 1880 to preach, and sent him on trial to a section in the interior, whence had come a call for the bread of life. After three months, on the request of the people to whom he had been sent, and their promise to support him, he was made their pastor. Since that time there has been a constant manifes-

tation of God's converting power attending his efforts. The letter read that night in the love-feast told of his arrival with his family upon his charge, and the reception given them. It said: "Many of the brethren were waiting to greet us as though we had been some great people. It makes me ashamed of myself when I see how highly they esteem me. I don't know what to say. I have not lips to glorify God enough, and express my thanks to the brethren; *I, who am a burning brand taken from the fire, a Lazarus raised from the dead.*"

"He shall redeem their souls from deceit and violence."

The congregations from these two theatres pass each other, the one redeemed from wickedness, the other delighting in violence. The contrast is painful. "Broad is the gate that leads to death, and many there be that go in thereat." "Yet there shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountain. *The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.*"

How long, O, Lord, how long?

CHAPTER V.

Buenos Ayres — A Steamer Dinner — Landing — Exorbitant Prices— The Siege — A Breakfast — Up the Paranà.

At four o'clock Monday afternoon, August 1st, I left Montevideo by the *Jupiter*, the second best river steamer floating upon these waters. We reached it by row-boat, half a mile from the pier. The steamers on the La Plata are much like those on our great lakes, designed to "weather gales" as well as to "skim the silvery waves."

Dinner was served at six. As it was my first native meal, I give the bill of fare. After each course every article of food was removed before another appeared, as with us.

1—Soup and hard tack (meant to be light rolls).
2—Fried fish, served with lemon.
3—Partridge, fried in sweet oil.
4—Artichoke, fried in oil.
5—Macaroni and cheese, with oil.
6—Cold chicken, with oil dressing.

7—Roast beef, served with lettuce dipped in oil.
8—Patty cake, fried in oil.
9—Custard.
10—Oranges.
11—Cigarettes.
12—Coffee.

Wine and water were on the table throughout. Few took the latter. As the meal progressed, tongues grew nimble. Jests and laughter were incoherently blended. When the smoke from the cigarettes was forming itself into graceful festoons about the chandeliers and winding its folds about bright goblets, it seemed well that there was no "Auld kirk Alloway" to be passed at midnight.

The distance from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres is 120 miles. It is called a twelve-hours' trip, but it was 8 o'clock Tuesday morning when the *Jupiter* cast anchor nearly a mile from the latter city, necessitating another ride in a *bocita*. The water of the estuary is half salt and somewhat turbulent, the La Plata proper being a compromise between the ocean and the great river system it discharges. Seen from the river, the city of Buenos Ayres is beautiful. Its piers are its pride, extending a long

way into the water, yet available only for small boats. Ships and river steamers lie from half a mile to twelve miles from the city embankments. If as much were spent in improvements as in fighting, this commercial incubus would soon be removed. Cargo is discharged from all ocean vessels by the slow process of reshipment in bocitas or barges, or by the slower and more inhuman method of using water carts. These water carts have immense wheels and frames, somewhat after the fashion of wood-racks. They are drawn by horses or oxen, which drag the loads through the water. Only their heads are above its surface. Sometimes they are forced to swim. The life of these animals is very short, but the practice continues because "they are cheap." If humanesentiment is appealed to the response is quick, "Animals have no feeling. It does not hurt them." When the waves are very rough, passengers are taken ashore in the same way. The boatman charged $20 each for landing his passengers, and when it was paid, argued vehemently for $10 more.

It must be remembered that the South American dollar varies in value from four cents to one dollar four cents North American money. These charges

were exorbitant, but less so than appears at first glance.

A porter demanded $10 for having carried a valise across the pier to a cab-stand, and when it had been paid, plead, first impertinently, then pitifully, for $5 more as a "yappa." (The yappa, or a little something thrown in is universal in business transactions. Our children are so familiar with it that when one of them was sent out to get a bill changed, she claimed her yappa of the kind grocer who did us the favor, and *got it.*) $70 was the charge for riding an hour in a cab. Three weeks before my visit, the siege of the city was raised. I was driven out to the scene of the fighting. Men were at work filling up the trenches, many of which had been dug across the streets as a means of defense, and relaying the cobblestone pavements which had been torn up for building barricades. Although the war was at an end, troops with black and bronze faces, clad in wide knickerbockers of blue, black, red and gray, were going through their military drill in a kind of running "fox-trot" in a public square, that was more suggestive of Sepoy comparisons than of beating swords into pruning-hooks.

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

Forsooth, this is trying to be a Republic. It has copied the Constitution of the United States, and floats the Star-Spangled Banner over tobacco stores. Last March, when the result of the Presidential campaign proved distasteful to one political party, it turned back the leaves of our history to the page of 1860, and followed our example. The struggle, though short, was as fierce as that over which we yet weep and rejoice. This also has resulted in the triumph of the National party. The papers say that henceforth there will be peace. But many revolutionary symptoms still agitate the country. Soldiers are moving about continually, and when any allusion is made to the whys and wherefores thereof, there is the peculiar Spanish shrug, and the universal Spanish ejaculation, "Quien sabe?" (who knows?)

Hundreds of dead horses, in various stages of decomposition, lay on the common outside the city, and the captain of the Paranà river steamer, by which I continued my journey, told me that when he was there a week earlier he saw thousands of the bones of horses in the streets, from which the

people had eaten the flesh in "the straitness of the siege." Every one has his own particular tale to tell of the horrors of those days. As many as could get away fled from the city. Among them was the lady who welcomed to her home, on his arrival in Buenos Ayres, our pioneer missionary, Dr. Dempster. She is now an octogenarian, and this was her first journey alone. She described it to me as dreadful in the extreme; but, with glowing countenance, added: "There came to my mind as direct from God the words,

'Cast to the wind thy fears,
Trust and be undismayed.'

And I knew that the Lord who had taken care of me so long, would not desert me in my time of need. I no longer felt afraid."

To some, an ark of safety was found in the house of the Methodist missionary, Rev. J. F. Thompson. Had the war continued, the American flag would have been raised over our church and that also turned into a city of refuge. The United States Minister had the honor of being the only foreign embassador who could obtain a personal interview with "The Department."

It is claimed that foreign residents have nothing to fear in the revolutions here, unless it be from a dagger in the dark, especially those from the United States and England, as "the Stars and Stripes" and "the Union Jack" are much respected, on account of the cannon behind them.

Formerly, the leader of a revolution furnished horses for his adherents, who rushed eagerly to battle, armed only with a long pole or reed, to the end of which one blade of a pair of sheep shears was lashed with a leathern thong. The wild prairie supported the horses it had furnished, and a strange connection was formed between the most peaceful of avocations and the savagery of continuous war. These weapons, hurled from the flying squadrons, were formidable enough, and by their means the pastoral districts were easily armed. A chieftain rode through the country driving before him the riderless herd. On his approach the shepherd broke his shears, and giving half to his assistant, two warriors rode forth. It may be from this custom, in part, that countrymen received the name of "gauchos," or riders. The disaffected candidate for the Presidential honors of 1880 followed the old custom, and

through the interior Provinces made his way toward the capital, expecting the horses he drove to be mounted by thousands. In this he was disappointed, and having taken position in the city, the horses but added to his perplexity.

Even though a 7 o'clock dinner has consisted of twelve courses, one is liable to feel the want of breakfast by the time a city of 200,000 inhabitants has been gone over. Obeying this impulse I entered a hotel and gave the provincial call for attention, a brisk spatting of hands. From an inner recess a servant thrust a head and scanned me closely, then disappeared. Next, the landlady emerged from a side room, and made a minute inspection from the bird's wing on my hat to the metal heel of my boot. At length she indicated that I might enter. (I had been standing in the *patio*.) Ladies unattended by gentlemen do not eat at the public table, but are served in their own rooms. As a man servant waited upon me, I inferred that it is not profanation for the masculine eye to rest upon a woman while she eats. The breakfast consisted of six courses:

1—Beef broth, with shreds of cabbage and crumbs of bread. This is called "caldo."

2—Fried fish.

3—Blood sausage; which the waiter assured me I might eat with confidence, as it was made in the house, but which I had not the confidence to taste.

4—Mutton chop and fried potatoes.

5—Sweet omelet.

6—Tea.

A long loaf of bread lay on the table, but after having seen many like it in hands not the cleanest, and coming into contact with sooty clothes, I did not feel particularly drawn toward this "staff of life."

Like Montevideo, and all the cities of this country, Buenos Ayres is built after the Italian style of architecture. It has many good buildings. The Cathedral is an imposing structure. At its doors beggars were sitting. The Government building is small and the President lives in a rented house. It has a nice little park in which it recently erected a statue of the patriot Martin, who is now canonized as a saint, with a day set apart for his service in the Church calendar. The situation of the city is good, but its want of sanitary regulations parodies its name, "Pure Air." Its commerce consists chiefly

of manufactured imports and the exportation of the native productions, wool, hides, tallow and bones.

I left Buenos Ayres by rail in a cane-seated car, made in Troy, N Y. The railroads in the country are owned and operated by an English company. In forty minutes I reached Campaña, the terminus of the road. This route cuts off a circuitous and dangerous part of the river, in which, during unknown centuries, earth and water have contended for sovereignty. The result is that in a territory from ten to thirty miles in width, they are amalgamated in a manner that interferes alike with agriculture and navigation. There are three main channels through the archipelago, by which vessels ascend in safety. Light traffic takes the near line by rail. My forty minutes ride took me past the country seat of the tyrant, Rosas, who styled himself "The Restorer of the Republic," "The Liberator of the Country," and amused himself by thrusting through with the sword every maid or matron found without the decoration of a red ribbon, and kept his servants at the interesting employment of washing with a sponge, leaf by leaf, the foliage of the trees, which seem yet to be shuddering at the recollection. All

mouths are filled with tales of the horrors of his administration.

The country over which I passed is low and monotonous, and in a state of only partial cultivation. The railroad ends at a pier where lay the little steamer *Pingo*, the captain of which is from Massachusetts. It twisted in and out among the low, sedge bordered islands in a most romantic manner. The islands are covered with a rank growth of willows. The channel is so narrow in some places that people on the deck of the steamer may pick fruit from the trees upon the bank.

On some of the islands there are orange, lemon, palm and peach trees, none of which are indigenous. The Jesuit Fathers have the honor of having introduced them. Many now grow as wild fruits.

The willow is grown for fuel, and is especially esteemed because it ignites readily. Fortunes have been made from these island plantations. Fortunes have also been lost upon them. Piles of the prepared fuel in osier frames dotted the shores, waiting shipment. Chopping the wood is chiefly the work of Italians, who live in miserable mud hovels, or have only a canvas stretched between trees for their

shelter. In some instances the human habitation was indicated solely by clothes drying on the bushes.

After the open river is reached the scenery is monotonous; high clay banks on one side, a dim outline of verdure on the other. The average width of the Paranâ from Campaña to Santa Fé is nine miles.

We reached San Nicholas at day-break. This is a flourishing little city of 12,000 inhabitants, where I hope soon to see a branch of our Mission established. It has yet no evangelical influence.

At ten o'clock, August 3d, we turned a sharp curve in the river, and ROSARIO lay before us. Miss Denning stood on the pier awaiting me. The long, tedious journey was over.

CHAPTER VI.

In Rosario — The School — Order of Exercises — Departure of the Missionaries — Prayer for their Safety.

August 4th I was introduced to the school toward which I had been so long turning my thoughts, and for the helping of which I had come so many weary leagues.

The teachers, Misses Denning and Chapin, were so worn and broken by hard work, it was a serious question whether they could endure the journey that must be taken before they could rest with their friends. I should not have been at all surprised if one or both of them had "fallen on sleep" on the homeward way. Their Secretaries had written them to save their own lives by abandoning the school; but they had chosen, if need be, to die at their post. The Papists stood ready to pull down the educational structure they had built up with so much toil and sacrifice. They had waited for reinforcements and worked on with what strength they had left,

and thus they were able to turn over to their successor the result of no small amount of hard work.

There were fifty-five pupils in all. Instruction was given to thirty-seven classes, and in three languages, Spanish, English and French. Geography, arithmetic and grammar were taught in both Spanish and English; astronomy in Spanish only. Drawing, writing, sewing, knitting and fancy work each had its allotted time.

The spoken language of the school was Spanish, but English was the feature most attractive to its patrons.

The pupils were mainly well dressed and graceful in their movements, indicating that they were chiefly from the wealthy families, in which refinement of manner has come down from the old days of Spanish chivalry. There were, however, representatives from the descendants of the aboriginal Indian population which was reduced to serfdom by the Castilian conquerors. There were also those whose faces show Saxon lineage.

The family consisted of thirteen persons:—the two missionaries, an assistant, two boarders, seven children and a cook. Three of the children were

under seven years of age, the others ranged from eleven to thirteen. One was French, one German, three Indian, and two of mixed Indian and Spanish blood.

The order of exercises was simple.

At 7:30 A. M., a bell for family prayers, after which breakfast. The school opened at nine. Before that time the children were expected to have done the sweeping of the *patios*. Thirty minutes recess for lunch; and recitations closing at 3 P. M. From 3 to 4 was devoted to the work of the pupils. The children of wealthy families were brought to the door by servants who returned for them at the hour of closing. *It is not considered either safe or proper for any high-caste girl or woman to be on the street alone.* Neither would it be admissable to do one's self so much service as to carry her own books. At 6 P. M., dinner. At 8, prayers. At 9, the children go to bed.

When I see the amount of work these ladies had to do, and the discomfort of this native house, my wonder is not that their health has failed, but that they are alive. I understand why my Secretary was so resolute to have some one beside me when I

began this work, and that the burdens should fall not on one, but upon two pairs of shoulders.

August 13th, just nine days after my arrival, Misses Denning and Chapin started home, taking with them the youngest orphan. The children were inconsolable. A heavy rain had made the streets almost impassable, but a number of the pupils waded through the mud and water, and stood weeping on the bank of the river till the steamer was out of sight.

As we turned away, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood and myself, the sense of isolation was complete.

They said: "We find the lack of sympathy our greatest privation—Christian sympathy—for there is no lack of social interest." Two of our patrons went home with us, and sat long in mute sorrow, expressing more plainly than words could have done, that their hearts were sad for the loved friends whom they might never see again, as well as heavy for me under my loads of care.

Everything about the house reminded us of a funeral, and we could only pray, "God grant that it be not one in reality; that the lives so freely spent for this country be not wholly a sacrifice."

That night I composed a Spanish prayer to be added to the usual devotional exercises by the school: "O, Señor, te suplicamos de preservar de todo peligro nuestras queridas maestras, Miss Denning y Miss Chapin. Haz que ellas lleguen en seguridad á sus hogarez. Te rogamos que en el nombre de tu querido hijo, nuestro Salvador tu nos concedes nuestra peticion. Amen."

(O, Lord, we beseech Thee, preserve from all danger our dear teachers, Miss Denning and Miss Chapin. Grant that they may reach their homes in safety. We ask in the name of Thy dear Son, our Saviour, for whose sake grant our petition. Amen.)

Fifty voices joined daily in that prayer and, thank God, it was answered.

CHAPTER VII.

Home Like a Prison — Plan of the House — Cost of Building — Enterprise Stifled by the Papacy.

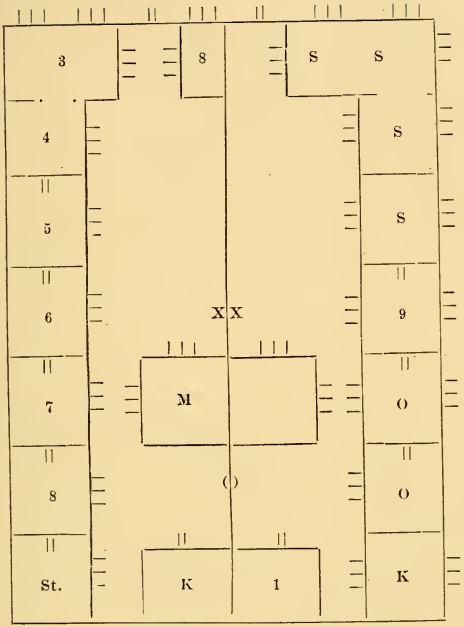
I think if the good missionary ladies at home could have filed through the house where those two noble teachers had lived and worked, there would have been money enough subscribed to build the long needed ROSARIO HOME before the last of the 75,000, more or less, had shivered over the threshold and cleared her lungs of the mould. The long-continued dampness of the winter had penetrated every part of the building, walls, floors and ceiling, all of which are of brick. Not a ray of sunshine had struggled through the clouds since my coming, and the absence of heating apparatus made it impossible to dry the air by artificial means. My first breath

drawn within its precincts revealed the presence of a stifling mould. It could not be called severe weather, as geraniums were blooming in the patio, but I was more thoroughly chilled than if I had been on the shore of Lake Erie. I had two thicknesses of straw matting put down in my bed-room, and within three weeks the lower one was so covered with mould that I found it expedient to have them removed. Like much of the land here, the lot on which our house was built is highly charged with saltpetre, which has penetrated the walls. In several places they are so saturated with it that the plaster will not adhere to the bricks. The sewage also is bad. In three rooms the floors are never known to be dry, even in the longest droughts of summer. The first impression made was that of a prison. The heavy, double-bolted doors, and the iron grating on the windows did not serve to dispel the impression made by the mould-covered, penitentiary-like walls. The location seemed to be not the most favorable, as it was quite removed from the centre of population. Being on the direct route from the custom house to the railroad station, the rumbling of the heavy carts often drowns the sounds of recitation;

albeit, there was a grog-shop just across the way which made night hideous, and sometimes poured into the ears of our children expressions laden with anything but the purest morality. Thus it came about that the Mission force was very soon resolved into a committee of the whole to find better accommodations. Houses of all grades were peered into, from those of a monthly rental of $24 to those commanding $300.

There seems to be only one plan of a dwelling house within the intellectual capabilities of the Argentine architect. The one essential of a business house is an easy convertibility into a dwelling. As the plan is one not likely to emanate from the brain of a North American builder, I give a diagram.

The house occupied by the Mission when I arrived was a double one; or rather, cutting a door through the partition had made one of two separate houses.



1 is the kitchen. I begin with it because a Yankee housekeeper regards it as of the first importance. The size of the Argentine kitchen varies from 6x8 to 7x10 feet. A kitchen ten feet square would be regarded as *muy grande* (very large). The cooking apparatus consists of a brick structure from two to three feet wide, extending nearly or

quite across one side. Sometimes this is solid. In other cases it is arched, leaving spaces under it in which to keep fuel. There are from one to four square openings of about ten inches diameter and six inches depth, into which an iron grating is fitted on which to burn charcoal. A handful of charcoal being ignited, the pot or pan is set on it. A native servant would not know how to use a stove, and would find it very much in the way; and a native not a servant would scorn the thought of knowing how to use any kind of cooking apparatus. The cooking of many families is done on a brazero, or movable charcoal grate. Charcoal—here called *carbon*—sells at about 50 cents per bushel, and stove wood at $5 per cord and upward. The natives do not make use of any artificial heat for warming. An idea prevails that it is unhealthy to live in a room where there is a fire. Pantries seem not to be known, and a closet has not yet met my eye.

D is the dining room. It will be seen that the doors are not adjusted with reference to saving the steps of the cook. The intention seems rather to be to preserve the appetite of those at the table by shutting off the possibility of catching a glimpse of

the culinary department—a precaution which I have been assured is most humane and commendable.

( ) is the cistern, or well. This is always in the patio, but not always in the back patio. I have seen it in the centre of the front one, with a vine twining about the curb.

3 is the parlor. This is the shape and almost exact proportion of nearly every one I have been in. The fashion of sliding doors between back and front parlor has not yet reached Rosario.

4, 5, 6, 7, 8 are bed rooms. Each one has a door, partly filled with glass, opening into the patio, by which it is lighted, marked ||| in the diagram. A double door, without glass, marked ||, connects each room with the next.

The ceilings are from twelve to sixteen feet high, and fifteen feet is the average width of the row of rooms back of the parlor. A wide front is rather an assurance of a wide patio than wide rooms. But little wall paper is used; frescoing of a rather coarse order is more in vogue. A grayish tint of ground with panels of blue and purple, drab and red is quite in favor. Many are also calcimined in imitation of tapestry. The beauty of these houses

is the patio filled with plants. Many of them are lovely with magnolia, oleander, jasmin, camellia, orange, palm, etc., etc., mingled with a profusion of beautiful vines. A love of flowers is everywhere. The doorway is through the patio wall at X. And this is the house for the use of which, during the space of nineteen months, the Missionary Society had paid $1,425, besides repairs. In this double house, connected by a passage way covered by the sky, S, is the school room; O, orphans' rooms; K, kitchen; D, dining room; M, music room; St, store room.

The same amount of available space in a good locality would have cost twice as much. The fact that no house is long permitted to stand vacant warrants the conclusion that there can be no reduction of rents in the near future. Our Society need not hope ever to accommodate its school more cheaply than at present.

Naturally the rate of rent is gauged by tne cost of building. The average estimate for building a good respectable house is $1,000 per room. There are two reasons for this excessive costliness. One is the high price demanded for skilled labor; the

other is that all the building material employed, except the brick, is imported, and pays a duty of about one-third its value. The marble and other finishing stone is brought from Spain and Italy; the glass from France; the cement from France and Italy; the ironmongery from England; and the lumber, of which the least possible amount is employed, chiefly for doors, from North America. The greatest lumber trade is with Portland, Maine.

For three hundred years this ruinous importation has been carried on, though this country has immense forests to the nothward and rich deposits of ore and building stone, including marble, on either side.

These people need the open Bible to give them a better civilization. Then they can draw upon their own mines and quarries, convert their forests into lumber, and build railroads to make it available. Then manufactures will be stimulated and industry encouraged, finance will become stable and government settled. Material prosperity always follows spiritual enlightenment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rosario — The Custom House — Railroads — Streets — Taxes — Sereno — Burglars — Siesta — The People — Dress — Beggars — Methodist Church — Good Templars — Sunday School Picnic.

Rosario is the chief city of Santa Fé, one of the most fertile of the fourteen Provinces which make up the Argentine Republic. In 1853 the city had a population of 4,000. Now its census is variously stated with an average in round numbers of 30,000. It has several times been brought prominently before the public as the most fitting place for the seat of Government, but Buenos Ayres has become the national capital.

Rosario is at the head of steam navigation, or rather it is the terminus of the steamer lines, which might be extended many miles further up the river. A large percentage of the imports for the interior find it their most direct route. Hence the number of wholesale dealers is large, in comparison with those who have only a local trade. Hence, also, the

Custom House is one of its most important features. This edifice is partly below and partly above the high bank on which the main portion of the city stands, and has a commanding view of the entire port, and also of some leagues of the river-course. The appraisement is made by the Custom House officer, in accordance with a schedule furnished him by the Department. There is no predicting what this valuation may be. In my own case, the appraisal of one much worn article was exactly three and one-ninth times its original cost. The delay and vexation of getting small consignments through the Custom House, and laden with its multitude of immense seals, naturally tends to leave a monopoly in the hands of large importers, and turn the smaller shopkeepers into smugglers. The chief imports are manufactured goods, mostly from England and France, agricultural implements and lumber from the United States, sugar, coffee, canned and dried fruits. There are no manufactures, properly so called, in the Province. The chief exports from the port of Rosario are wool, hides, and bones from the Argentine plains; goat skins and furs from the table-lands of Bolivia and the eastern spurs of

the Andes; and silver from the mines of Bolivia and Peru.

The railroad station has a natural connection with the Custom House. This connection is closely maintained by a succession of heavy carts bearing boxes for reshipment.

The Central Argentine Railroad, of which Rosario is the southern terminus, is a lasting monument to the persevering energy of its projector and constructor, the late Mr. William Wheelwright, an *American*, a friend and fellow townsman of Mr. Peabody. He has been called *the apostle of progress for this southern world.* He it was who introduced steam navigation on the west coast, and when the Pacific steamers were a reality, turned his thought to connect them with the traffic of the interior. Like all progressives he was regarded wild and visionary, and his scheme was hooted at as absurd and impractical. But he was not to be discouraged. When he had got his first railroad into operation, connecting Caldera with Godoy, he conceived the vast project of extending the line across the Andes and connecting the Pacific Ocean with the Paraná River, at Rosario, the head of Atlantic steam navigation.

His own country was then distracted with civil strife. It could give no thought to other lands. With England, the case was different. There a joint stock company was formed and the work begun. Instead of continuing the work from the Chili line, a beginning was made on the Argentine Road, for which the first sod was turned in Rosario, on the 21st of April, 1863. In May, 1870, the road was completed to Cordoba and opened to traffic.

On account of a failure in Government co-operation the work was then suspended, and has never been resumed. Mr. Wheelwright engaged his energies on the projected line from Buenos Ayres, and died soon after having completed it. At Villa Villa, about half way to Cordoba, is a junction whence a branch extends in a southwesterly direction to the frontier of the Province of San Louis, where it is to connect with the projected line from Buenos Ayres to Santiago, in Chili, and thence with the Pacific at Valparaiso. From Cordoba another company has built a road, running almost due north, as far as Tucuman, and projected it as far as Iujuy, the capital of the most northern Province of the Republic. If the people could only stop fighting long enough to

think of the development of their several countries, it might soon be extended till the steamships of the Paranà connect with those of Panama.

There are few English residents in Rosario who are not in some way connected with the railroad, and a large percentage of the rest are in the employment of another English company which furnishes the city with gas.

There is now in process of erection a grain elevator on the river bank, a little above the station, which, it is claimed, will be the largest building in the Republic.

If not next to the Custom House and railroad station in commercial importance, the Postoffice outranks them both in general interest, as is attested by its crowded portal three times each week when the river mail arrives. The up and down river mail boats meet here, so that the two mails reach us simultaneously. There are letter boxes in different sections of the city. Local postage is eight cents the half ounce, foreign sixteen, but letters can come here from all parts of the world for five cents.

There is one street car track which makes a circuit from north to south of the entire business por-

tion of the city, connecting the railroad station on the northern extreme with "Plaza Lopez" on the southern limit.

The site of Rosario is sixty-five feet above the river. At low water, in approaching it by steamer, it has the appearance of being set on a hill; below the high ridge, parallel with the river, is a strip of low land, which in the central portion is occupied by freight warehouses and shipping offices, in the outskirts by hovels, in which the poorest find a refuge. These houses are often filled with water, if not washed away, when the river is high.

The streets have a uniform width of twenty-four feet, with a surface drain on either side. This is the sewage system of the city. They are uniformly paved with many-sized cobble-stones, brought from Cordoba, or procured from ships which bring them for ballast. The sidewalks are four feet wide, and from one to four feet higher than the streets. They are either paved with small square flag-stones, or soft building brick. The latter are worn into hills and valleys, which, together with the constant getting up and down from the sidewalk, attendant on crossing the streets, makes a walk of

half a mile more fatiguing than five times that distance should be. People do not walk for pleasure.

There is a system of street cleaning in operation similar to that in vogue in British towns. Carts make the round daily to carry away the sweepings of the streets and the refuse from the houses. For this service the occupant of each house pays a monthly tax to the city. From August to December our tax for this purpose varied from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents per month, from which I infer that there is no fixed rate. The tax for street-lighting has been uniformly sixty cents per month. There is also a system of "Civil Guardian,"—"Celedor Vigilante,"—or police service, for which we pay a variable monthly tax. During the months named it has averaged fifty cents for each outside door or gate. The "Celedor Vigilante" stands all day on the street corner, clad in wide knickerbockers and short jacket, with a knapsack on his back, a sword at his side, and a gun in his hand, apparently without any object in life. But when the lamps are lighted, he is instantly changed into a being with a mission. (Probably in recognition of this, he is known among English residents as the "Sereno," or

night watchman.) Till daylight dawns again, he patrols the street with a monotonous song of the present and future of the weather, and wakes a light sleeper every fifteen minutes to tell him what time it is. If one could stay awake and listen to him, she might always know at precisely what moment a fleck of mist threatened to obscure the star-gemmed speck of blue above her patio. But since she cannot always stay awake, he dutifully comes close to the window every half hour and raises his voice to a shrill scream, announcing the state of the weather. I speak from painful experience. I am confident that our Sereno has fully earned all we have paid him, and has given us a "yappa" for good will. Our yappa from the Sereno was on this wise. One night, in the locking up, the key of our street door was turned without catching the lock. About eleven o'clock the crevice was detected, and I was hastily summoned from my room by the glare of three bull's-eye lanterns, which proceeded to patrol our premises in search of thieves. It was gratifying to know that they found none, and needless to add that a closer vigilance scanned the locks

thereafter, especially as we were warned to have as much fear of the Sereno as of the thief.

There seems to be a constant expectation of thieves. Aside from the iron grating of the windows and the double bolts of the heavy doors, dogs are generally kept as a guard against burglars. I have also been warned to have care not to leave anything movable in a room near a window, as there is great dexterity in "hooking" things through the bars, the hook being attached to what might innocently be thought a walking-stick, or a pole on which to carry bundles. Thus shawls, table-cloths, tidies from chairs, and even quilts and pillows from beds have been known to disappear. This is rendered the more easy by the entire absence of front yards. The narrow sidewalk being against the house, passers necessarily are close to the windows.

Probably on account of the narrow sidewalks, sun umbrellas are but little used. The fan fills the place in protecting the eyes from the sun ; and in warm weather people are careful to take the shaded side of the street. During the most heated portion of the day there is but little going out of doors.

From 12 M. to 2 P. M. is general siesta time. All do not take the siesta, but it is a common practice.

The city has two markets, the North and the South, each of which has a plaza. That at the old market is set with trees of paradise, under which are settees, and a platform where the band sits on public occasions, and where it usually practices an hour in the evening.

The greater part of each market is given up to meat stalls, showing that the population is highly carniverous. With all the display of meats it would be hard for the fastidious North American housekeeper to find her favorite bit, the cutting-up process is so different from that at home. I am only able to recognize the chop and leg of mutton. The latter, entire, with the accompanying backbone for soup, is looked upon as a small supply for dinner for a family of six.

Rosario boasts but one public monument, a brick column with a movable plaster statue of the Goddess of Liberty, which disfigures rather than adorns the plaza "Twenty-fifth of May." The plaza was named in honor of the Declaration of Independence. The monument is so unsightly from the age of its

plaster coat, that a scaffolding has been erected about it, on which is stretched a painted cloth imitation on great public occasions. Then the Goddess is elevated to her place and holds the flag of the Republic in her right hand. In her left she holds a laurel wreath. At her feet is a broken chain.

The Cathedral is to the south of this plaza, and looks out upon it.

The city boasts two Theatres, a National College with a corps of thirty teachers, a Normal School with eleven teachers, and numerous private schools aside from the regular schools maintained by the Catholic Church.

There are two distinct classes of the native population, the "Gente Decente," or Argentine Spanish, descended from the original conquerors of the country, who retain the civilization, customs, and polish of their Castilian ancestors; and the peōn, or laboring class, the descendants of the aborigines who were not exterminated but reduced to serfdom. There is much mixed blood. Also a sprinkling of all European nationalities. The negro face is occasionally seen, and features that show the blending of negro and Indian blood. Peōn is the general

name for laborers. The peōn's dress is a coarse shirt, sometimes covered with a short jacket, a burlaps cloth wound around the loins, reaching below the knee, and canvas shoes with soles of plaited straw. Some of them wear trousers. They stand on street corners with a bag thrown over the shoulders, waiting to be employed, just as in our Saviour's time the laborers hung about the markets of Palestine, waiting the bidding to go into some one's vineyard. In these markets they may always be found with bag or handkerchief, ready to carry home one's purchases. In one way or another this whole caste are servants. Children with a single coarse garment reaching below the knees, barefooted and bareheaded, are engaged scrubbing door steps, attending the more favored children to school, carrying their books, etc., etc. Young women carry packages in their arms, and old care-worn women trudge through the streets with heavy bundles on their heads. They are not allowed on the sidewalks, but must go in the street if carrying any bundle or basket. The general expression of their countenances is one of hopelessness. A large percentage subsist by begging, for which a city license is

granted. Saturday is called "The Beggar's Day," but Saturday is only one of the seven days of the week in which they are encouraged. Sometimes a beggar makes his rounds on horseback. The old, the infirm, the maimed, the children, wander through the streets or seat themselves on door steps and curb-stones with their badges on their necks, and look pitifully into the faces of passers, or stand before window or door gratings and look in pleadingly. They do not generally *ask*, and if one says "Pardone me," their only remonstrance is a more pitiable expression.

Two squares down the river from the railway station, on the high ridge overlooking the port, is the one spot in which the Methodist Church feels a special interest. The lot was so conveyed to the M. E. Missionary Society that it can never be used for other than missionary purposes.

Our first missionary in Rosario, Rev. T. Carter, D. D., arrived in the latter part of the year 1864. Rev. W. Goodfellow, D. D., was then Superintendent of the South American Work, and lived in Buenos Ayres. By their united energy and zeal within a year the lot had been donated, and a suffi-

cient amount raised in the country to build a small house to serve both as a school room and for worship; the house built and dedicated, free of debt.

It is a noteworthy fact that the first effort to arrest the alcohol current in this continent was made by the M. E. Mission in Rosario. In 1875 it organized the first Good Templar's Lodge, which has ever since held its meetings in the Mission Chapel. During this period 280 members have been enrolled. There are now 91 acting members. There is also an active Juvenile Temple, one spoke of the Mission wheel which bids fair to furnish polished shafts for the advancing gospel temperance army.

But the main spoke in every church wheel must ever be the Sabbath School. The one in connection with the M. E. Mission is conducted in three languages—English, Spanish, and German. All meet together before the preaching service on Sabbath morning. My first entrance was through the midst of a squad of soldiers that had taken possession of the Mission enclosure. They lounged about the steps and beside the walk, with their unsheathed swords in their hands, and glowered on us as we passed. Three months later, the wandering bands

that scoured the country and kept the people uncertain as to the future, were forgotten, and a brighter faced company thronged that walk and bounded down those steps. The Mission Sunday-School was to be treated to a day in the country and a real North American picnic. Two diligences and seven carriages had been provided, and at 8 o'clock in the morning, November 10th, while the good people at home were shivering if touched by a breath of outside air, we set out for our picnic.

A drive of three leagues over a level prairie, where sheep and horses were grazing, brought us to one of the finest "quintas" in this section. We were welcomed to make ourselves happy on its pleasant lawns, under its shade trees, and in its arbors. Never was such invitation more literally accepted. There were sedate walks and talks, there were romps, there were races, and twice during that long bright day 110 palates reveled in the delights gathered from Yankee cook books. Finally, 110 voices joined in the cheers that followed the award of the annual prizes, and the vote of thanks to the pastor and his wife. The captains

of two American ships then in port characterized it as a day never to be forgotten.

"Sown in the darkness,
And sown in the light—
What shall the harvest be?"

CHAPTER IX.

Politeness — Education of Women — Names — Patron Saints — God-mothers.

The dress of the Argentine lady is very graceful. Silk is the chief material worn. Heavy silks and velvets are indulged in by middle-aged and elderly ladies in the cooler portion of the year; light silk textures by young ladies and children. The summers being long and warm, a great variety of grenadines and light filmy tissues are used. Much of the material worn has a gloss beyond its real value. In this, as in everything else, appearance rather than worth seems to be sought. Little children are a mass of lace and embroidery. The fan is an essential accessory of the lady's dress. It is used on all occasions, not only serving as a sun-shade, but by its constant movements supplying conversation or adding to it emphasis.

I am told that there is not in the city a shoemaker who can make a shoe that is endurable. What

matters it? French shoes, with high wooden heels and all manner of ornamentation, supply the lack. The shape and position of the heel is such that the North American foot finds it an implement of torture; but the misses in our school contrive to walk on tiptoe without making wry faces.

Nor is the quality of the handkerchief ignored. A hand-made lace handkerchief, which comes from Paraguay, is esteemed as being at the same time pretty and a South American production.

French kid gloves, or netted silk mitts, black, white, or in colors, is the proper covering of the hand. More color is used than would be tolerated in colder climates, and by more phlegmatic *modistes.* Young girls vie in profusion and variety of colors with the flowers, among which they revel. Let the contrasts be never so great, the addition of soft laces or filmy combinations tones down the effect till the glare is lost.

But no amount of laces can tone down the glare of jewelry, in which all ages seem to delight.

The Argentine-Spanish face is usually dark. Where a lighter hue is seen, it betrays unmistakable foreign descent, German, French, English, possi-

bly North American, and there is a corresponding quiet tone in the dress. The eyes are sparkling, and the hair a glossy jet black. The latter is straight and strong, and worn in massive coils or braids. Their wealth of real hair is thought to be the result of shaving the head in childhood, a practice often continued till the girl is ten or twelve years of age, after which it is suffered to grow long, as she leaves school at thirteen, is a young lady at fourteen, and may be a wife. The frizzes of modern civilization are not omitted. "Painting the human face Divine" is literal, nor is the artist niggardly of her materials.

Twin sister of the art of dress is that of *appearing.* The acquisition of this art is termed *education.* It is sometimes said of North Americans that they are well instructed, but not well educated. Social intercourse is more formal than with North Americans. There is more hand shaking. The bow is more ceremonious. Numberless little deferential attitudes are practiced. Whatever may be the intellectual acquirements and resources, there is always the appearance of a consciousness of the highest intelligence. The *educated* are perfectly self-possessed. Whether they rank you as a dunce

or a philosopher, they make you feel that your words are of the most profound wisdom. You are never contradicted. Among their profuse gesticulations will not be found the slightest that will indicate a dissent from your opinion. But in the most deferential and self-deprecating manner there may be some suggestion made that will bring to your mind other thoughts. "Would not the lady wish?" or "Might it not perhaps suit the gentleman's inclinations?" or similar phrases, preface the expression of an opinion different from your own. With all this dignified formality, there is an artlessly spontaneous demonstration of affection. Lady friends meeting salute each other with a hearty kiss, first on one cheek, then on the other. On meeting a gentleman whose relation admits of affection, a lady unhesitatingly throws her arms about his neck, while she lavishes kisses as freely as she receives them, be the place of meeting never so public. Gentlemen also embrace each other. I have sometimes seen them kiss each other on the street. Fathers lavish kisses upon their daughters anywhere. To a casual observer this land breathes only an atmosphere of love. He hears no word of censure. Children are contin-

ually praised. Their eyes must not be dimmed with tears nor made heavy by reproof. Let the blunders of older people be what they may, politeness requires that they shall not be detected. This is one of the things I have tested. In my intercourse with the people I am conscious of making the most ludicrous blunders, but never the ghost of a recognition thereof warns me of the fact. When I express embarrassment, I am assured that there is no need, that I talk well, that I have remarkable command of the idiom, that I make myself understood perfectly, when at the same moment all know that I have not been at all intelligible.

But there is gall in this nectar; and distrust characterizes all their social life. Nevertheless there is always grace and beauty

Through all their dignified formality there is a constant ripple of conversation. Whether one has anything to say or not, she keeps on talking. There is no embarrassment at repetition, no groping for a new thought, or hesitating for a new form of expression. One may make a remark and another repeat it verbatim, only a few words behind. I have heard this continued through a call of half an hour.

If one has assured you eleven times that there is a balmy fragrance in the air, she will go on with the vivacity of originality to assure you that there is a balmy fragrance in the air. This is partly owing to the language. The Spanish idiom tends to loquacity. The redundancy of words required to express the most simple thought, and the repetitions necessary to hedge it from possibility of misapplication, are in marked contrast with the crisp utterances of the English tongue. By the aid of their flexible idiom, it is possible and natural to keep up a conversation when very little is to be said. That this flow of talk is natural is proved by its universality. The gardener will continue to explain which withered leaf he has picked or intends to pick from a particular branch, as long as he can retain a listener. The carpenter dilates by the hour on the excellencies of his workmanship, and the peōn tells his readiness to serve you without limit. The tongue never grows weary. The milk woman is the only one I have yet seen who seems to be in too much haste to talk, and the washerwoman the only one who has nothing to say. But even they give the universal "Adios, hastā maŭana," or "Hastā luega," which freely

translated is, "God be with you till we meet again," or literally, "I commend you to God till then."

Some differences are noticeable in the mode of greeting here and among North Americans. Here they do not say they are glad to see each other, till the close of the interview, when the assurance is given that they have had much pleasure in the meeting. On entering a house the *matè* gourd is presented. If you do not drink *matè*, tea or coffee is immediately substituted, followed by wine. On leaving, you are assured that the house, the individual, and everything pertaining thereto, are entirely at your disposal, and you are begged to command them at all times.

Among the rich, being ornamental is woman's sole mission, so chivalry requires that she shall have every facility for its accomplishment. Her house must be filled with servants of various grades. No menial task may be required of her. She sleeps, eats, dresses, and practices her various accomplishments, among which music takes scarcely a secondary rank. In house furnishing the piano is next in importance to the *matè* cup.

For the past few years it has been admissible for

ladies to learn to write, and now it is not disreputable for even the high-born to write their own letters. Since Sarmiento undertook the importation of the North American public school system, the daughters of Argentina are seeking a smattering of all kinds of knowledge. Let it be shown them that education includes—not a smattering—but broad, deep, thorough culture as well as suavity, and they will not fail to grasp the thought. Let the means of securing this be placed within their reach, and they will not be slow to comprehend the lesson.

When a woman marries she retains all her former privileges, and adds those that her husband's position can confer. Henceforth, she is entitled to the inside of the sidewalk, and becomes a sufficient protector of her young lady friends when walking. She is even so exalted by her new relationship that a child may be a sufficient protector in her walks by day, although a servant should always be within call. To her own family name she adds that of her husband, connected by the preposition *de* (of). She is always the lady of her husband, and her sons will add her maiden name to that of their father, their own saint, the family saint, and any other saint held

in special veneration. For example, should Maria Gonzalagomez marry Juan Echacaluz, and a son be born on St. Peter's day, the family being under the protection of Saint Margaret, and holding the patron saint of "All the Americas" in veneration, the infant will be weighted for life with the names Juan Pedro Margarita Rosa Echacaluz Gonzalagomez. The mixing of male and female names is not imaginary. Joseph Mary, and the Virgin Peter are as common here as Mary Ann and George Washington in the same latitude north of the Equator. Nor is the adding of the saint's name an honor peculiar to sons. Every child gets the name of the particular saint upon whose day it chances to be born, and that saint is supposed to exercise a special guardianship over its life. Next in sacredness to the guardianship of the saint itself is that of the godmother. If she does not supersede the authority of the parent, she allows no other to come between herself and her charge. The relationship is recognized by law. When a lady is godmother to a peōn child, she is entitled to its services.

It is often a godchild who brings the matè, and serves about one's person.

There is one beautiful custom not limited by caste lines, that of floral decoration; one refining influence that penetrates every rank, the love of flowers. "Be like the birds and the flowers," is enjoined on the child robed in costly laces; and the barefoot waif seizes the sweet violets in her grimy fingers. Camellias deck the hair of the idol of the mansion, and the glossy, waxen leaves of the wild Margarita vine drape the mud huts under the river bank, and rob them of something of their forlorn unsightliness. Surely, there is a bright future in store for those in whose very nature the All-Father has so deeply implanted a love for his own beautiful creations.

CHAPTER X.

The Washerwoman—The Conventillo.

The washerwoman is an important factor in civilization. The tourist skirting the coast of Uruguay sees the sands converted into a bleaching ground. Whirling by rail from Buenos Ayres, the whole panorama of cleansing, if not of cleanliness, is spread out before him. Throughout the course of our great inland water-thoroughfare clothes, drying, are often the only evidence of human habitation, and when the gleam of the white-washed, blue-washed, and yellow-washed walls of Rosario strikes his vision, the first sign of life that greets his gaze is the washerwoman.

"La Señora," introduced in the last chapter, is the south side of the civilization of this land, over which hangs "The Southern Cross," with its pearls of promise and its radiance of peace. Her tawny sister, rinsing the dainty ruffles in the running stream,

or in a wayside pond, is the frozen North Pole, lost among icebergs that even the glimmer of its lone star cannot penetrate. Hers is one of the most hopeless faces of her hopeless caste. She goes to the houses of her employers and carries away the soiled clothes on her head. Down the rough street she trudges, threading her way among the carts. Nor does she stop till she reaches the river bank. There every available spot is in demand. At intervals, wooden benches extend into the water, on which the washing boxes are placed, and by which the women stand, some of them nearly waist deep in water.

A few days ago one of my English pupils said, "I do not know what you would have thought if you had been with me to-day. There must have been a hundred women, if not more, in the river all together washing wool. The water was nearly to their waists, and it is very cold now."

"I should think it would kill them. No wonder they are stiffened with rheumatism."

The picture haunted me, and at the next visit of our *lavandera* I asked her if she washed in the river.

With an anxious look she asked if I did not think she did her work well.

I assured her that I was quite satisfied; my inquiry was only from interest in herself.

"O," she said, her face thawing a trifle, "I can't stand it to go into the river any more. I have to wash in the house now."

And so it goes; one woman can stand and wash all day in snow-cold water, and another must not carry her own little parcel. When will the Great Leveler touch all these hearts?

The *conventillo* is a row of rooms, usually stretched around an unpaved patio, each of which is a dwelling. Sometimes two or three families occupy a single room. A small speculator looked at the house occupied by us, with an eye to turning it to that use in case we should give it up, and estimated that it would accommodate twenty families.

I know of no more pitiful sight than a conventillo yard or patio, crowded with its vagabond-looking children, fragments of a blighted humanity, cursed from their birth. The hair is jet, stiff, and unkempt; the tawny faces are unwashed; the scant garment hangs limp about the ankles. When the mother

comes from her toil, the little face that greets her, save the wrinkles is no younger than her own; the lustreless black eyes that stare at her are as hopeless. The father may have been standing all day in his scrap of burlaps, with a gunnysack thrown over his shoulder, waiting for an employer, or trudging under any chance burden that he could find, in the slow, shuffling, "This-is-a-weary-world" gait, peculiar to his class.

CHAPTER XI.

My Lady of Rosario — Image Worship — Censer-Swinging — Music — Prostrations.

"My Lady of Rosario" is the tutelary goddess of the city, and her festival days are seasons full of pomp and circumstance. Quite recently I observed the ceremonies of her *fête* day.

At 5 o'clock A. M. the bells clanged. Female worshippers multiplied rapidly, but men were scattered sparsely through the crowd during the first part of the services. Rationalism is making its inroads, and in the minds of many of them the old faith is tottering. However, as the ceremonies continued their number increased.

Raised on a platform in front of the high altar stood a life-size female figure holding an infantile image aloft in her left hand. Her robe of white satin, heavily embroidered with bouquets of flowers in gold thread and bordered with rich lace, fell over

the platform in a long train. On her head was a crown which in size could have outmeasured the six in the Tower of London. In her right hand she held a silver sceptre almost as long as herself. Her platform and the space about it was adorned with huge bouquets and glittering trinkets.

At the ringing of a bell the worshippers prostrated themselves before her. The devotional exercise of each consisted of repeatedly touching her own cheeks, lips, breast, right shoulder, left shoulder, forehead, nose, eyes and chin, and kissing her thumb nail. With the well attired these ceremonies were about equally divided with the adjusting of the dress. At the touch of the bell, they dropped gracefully on their knees, reached back and arranged the drapery over the feet in such a way as to display the trimmings to the best advantage, kissed their thumb nails, and if they chanced to espy an acquaintance, stopped to smile and bow to her, then went through the rest of the motions, readjusting the flounces, smiled and bowed again, and again counted off prayers till the bell called them to their feet. The poorly dressed and those in mourning weeds, or the costume of a vow, never

lifted their eyes from the image or ceased their supplications.

At intervals the bell-ringing was changed to the swinging of censers, nor was the odor of the incense altogether delightful.

From a high box pulpit a priest pronounced a long eulogium, in which the name of the "Señora" was frequently repeated. At regular intervals he prolonged a final syllable, *ou*, which was always followed by a murmured response from the kneeling multitude. Then followed more bell-ringing, more swinging of censers, more prostrations, more adjusting of flounces, more touching of foreheads, and more kissing of thumb nails.

Little boys appeared in the front, and the candles were taken from about the altar and put into their hands. Men in tatters pressed forward eager to act as torch-bearers. The platform was taken upon men's shoulders. Two military bands in front of the church struck up their harsh music, an anthem was chanted, and the image began its journey, followed by the chief priests in long white satin mantles, embroidered with gold. They were supported on either side by a less important priest in more

scant robes of the same material, and having lace about the skirts. These were followed by priests of varying rank, none of whom represented the fakir or starveling class. Whatever may be the faults of the religion of this country, it does not seem to interfere with digestion, the clergy being taken as specimens.

At the church door the torch-bearers closed ranks about the priests. One military company and another followed the cortége, which moved slowly through the densely crowded streets. A halt was made at the corner and middle of each block, where a carpet was spread in the street, on which was set a table covered with a red cloth, as a resting place for the sacred burden. During each of the pauses praises were chanted and incense burned, the supporters of the highest priest holding back his mantle while he swung the censer, and men and women prostrated themselves in the dust. Some laid their faces on the ground in the fervor of their prostrations. Again the image was raised; again flowers were strewn in her way; again the drums began to beat, and the soldiers thrust back the people to clear a passage, till the circuit of the

chief blocks of the city had been made, and, between the files of torch-bearers the idol was restored to her place in her temple, as the last rays of the sun were gilding the tree tops. As she crossed the threshhold the organ burst forth in a triumphant strain, and a youthful band drowned the voices of the priests in chanting a gloria.

CHAPTER XII.

All-Souls Day — Burial Places — "The Well" — Potter's Field — Garlands for Tombs — Funerals — Mourning.

November 1st and 2d are holy days. Schools are closed. Business languishes. Yesterday everybody was expected to spend the day in the church. To-day everybody goes to the Cemetery, which is a league removed from the city, to pray for the souls of the dead. I am told that until this year the Cemetery as well as the Church, has been the scene of ostentatious parade by the priests, and they have had a remunerative traffic in dead men's souls.

But recently they came into collision with the municipality on the question of the burial of a Protestant stranger, in which the municipality came out best, and now it can bury whom it pleases within those walls; while priests are excluded on this day of days, and even though there be a fu-

neral cortége, they must conclude their ministrations without the gate.

There are many things and many customs here which recall Scripture allusions. As we approach this city of the dead, the Saviour's comparison, "Like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful," seems as natural as if His voice were sounding in our ears. Half an hour later, Joseph's *new* tomb couples itself with David's rejoicing that the body of Christ saw not corruption. The whole ground is surrounded by a high, whitewashed wall, which is honeycombed with receptacles for the dead. The spaces, one above the other, are just large enough for each to receive a coffin. After the body is put in, the opening is walled up with the same soft brick of which the whole structure is composed. This being a thin wall the coffins are put in sidewise, while in Montevideo they are thrust in foot foremost, and lie feet to feet. On the wall in front of the space occupied, memorial tablets may be placed. On these I have utterly failed to find any expression of the *comfort* of the Christian's hope. They bear rather the wail of bleeding hearts and a dread of the unknown future into which the depart-

ed have entered, for the mitigation of whose sufferings prayers are implored.

The receptacles in the wall are *rented.* The payment of a stipulated sum entitles to the occupancy of the niche for a limited time, six months, one year, two years, etc. When the tenant becomes bankrupt, he is turned out to make room for one whose finances are in a better condition.

The greater part of the enclosure is occupied by simple vaults, pagodas, rotundas, etc., filled with receptacles for the dead, the style of the building indicating the social rank of the occupant. These, also, are more frequently rented than owned. To buy a burial place, and so secure exemption from removal, would require the purse to be that of " a mighty prince among us."

" The Well " is the refuge of bankrupt tenants. It is a huge cistern near the corner of the Cemetery, most remote from the entrance, covered with a hinged iron lid. I lifted that lid for one suffocating moment. Grinning skulls, dried muscles, arms, legs, bones, putrefying bodies of all sizes, were heaped upon each other as tossed from the cart,—

"In one rude burial blent."

"The Well" is an improvement on the ejectment system in vogue at the Montevideo Cemetery, though that is regarded the most beautiful "city of the dead" in the southern world. There, when you have passed the groves of fragrant trees and the mazes of bloom, the romantic walks that surround costly urns and elegant statuary, if you wish to penetrate the veil that separates Paradise from Purgatory, you have but to go through the gate in the wall that leads to the space beyond the Potter's Field, where you may collect skeletons to your heart's content. Birds and insects, Nature's scavengers, the dews of heaven and falling sea-spray, are bleaching them.

The Rosario Potter's Field has no separating wall. It is simply a wide trench parallel with the wall, beginning near the well. Into it, without coffin or winding-sheet, the poor are cast, and a moiety of earth thrown over them. The portion most recently used formed a ridge about two feet above the general level. One part of the trench had been opened ready to receive a body, although none might be interred before the morrow, and from the loosened earth a human foot protruded. On this day the living garland the tombs of their dead.

Wreaths of beadwork are much in vogue for this purpose, as they last through the year. But every kind of ornamentation is used. Before costly shrines, in niches in the wall, in wreaths, in clumps of shrubbery, and in tufts of coarse grass and wild flags by the wall, candles burned, and beside them prostrate figures counted their prayer-balls. Lips moved in mute supplication, or eager, agonized eyes seemed prying into futurity. Before some of the most costly tombs hired mourners were wailing. Even by the side of the poor-man's trench, a few half-penny tapers flickered,—token of the human love vainly seeking to dispel the gloom from the next life with the earth lights which have as vainly sought to dispel the shadows from the life that now is. Beside the well, fit emblem of a hopeless eternity, Superstition had lighted no torch.

These yearly lamentations for the dead, often continue through the week, the wailings for the wealthy being kept up by their hired mourners. But the true mourners must visit the graves at least once during this week, to light the candle for their dead. This practice must be continued till death dries the fountains of their tears. The uncertainty of the release

from Purgatory, shrouds the hope of a resurrection. The human taper burns, but doubt shadows all, and the sob of despair is here the undertone of life's melody.

From what has been said, it may be thought that this is a land of mourning. And so it is. When death enters a household, the demands of grief etiquette are most exacting. The body lies in state, but the family is invisible. Often the corpse is placed on a chair in a sitting posture, painted as if alive, dressed in the most gorgeous manner possible, and surrounded with a mass of flowers. Before it, night is made hideous with wailings.

When the body is taken to its last resting place, a hearse, and carriages numbered by the wealth of the family, is in attendance, but with no one in them. The coffin is carried by hand a distance commensurate with the respect in which the deceased is held, one, two, three or more blocks, or even the entire distance. A foot procession of men follows the pall, and is followed by the empty hearse and carriages. When the ceremonies are over, the carriages convey the people home, and, to the hired portion, within the bounds of decorum, it is likely to

prove a merry ride. In the chapel, where the requiums are chanted and masses said, "the dim religious light" is so very dim that the glimmer of the wax taper serves only to deepen the gloom. Women do not attend funerals. A child is often followed to the grave by a procession of children. They form in double files, between which the coffin is carried from the chapel to the vault. I have seen one such procession in which a girl of perhaps twelve years walked next behind the exposed corpse, carrying upright the coffin-lid, on which was painted a gilded cross. Each girl in the procession wore on her back a square of white satin, upon which was the same symbol.

As soon as a death occurs, the relatives, near and remote, are put into mourning. For men, this is the simple crape on the hat with the usual black suit. For women, a plain black trailing robe, a black cashmere shawl pinned over the head, whence it hangs straight down the back, often dragging upon the ground, and a long black crape shawl which shrouds the face. For a husband, this garb is worn three years; for a mother, two years; for a sister or brother, one year; and for cousins, from

three to nine months, according to the nearness of the relationship, for cousins are counted here to the utmost limit of consanguinity, and all are mourned for. Little children are as conscientiously arrayed in black as are their mammas, nor does it matter what is the degree of relationship, or whether the deceased was personally known. This week two of our pupils have appeared in deep mourning, but their faces indicate no unusual sorrow. Upon inquiry I am told that they have received tidings of the death of the *cousin of their grandmother*, who lived somewhere in Europe. Although they may never before have known of her existence, their wearing this garb will forbid their appearing in the public exercises of the approaching examinations. Two other sisters, who have been in mourning for a cousin nearly a year, have informed me that they must not then take part in the rhetorical exercises, nor play the piano, but that their mamma says, that as their mourning is not recent, they may appear in their classes. Still another has told us confidentially that her uncle has been a long time ill, can never be better, but added, "If he dies before the examinations, mamma says I may take part any-

how." This concession shows the greatest interest in the school it would be possible for her to express.

Crape hangs on the door from six weeks to six months. During the first three weeks of mourning, only the most intimate friends may make visits of condolence, and then they are not received by a member of the family, but by some one in attendance for that purpose. Later, the afflicted family may receive such calls in a room destitute of pictures, flowers, and all ornaments. The members of the family make no visits within six months, and no evening visits within nine months. Married ladies make no calls within a year after going into mourning. A piano must in no case be opened within three months after a death in the house, and in case of the rending of near ties, music and all pleasant things are banished for a year.

CHAPTER XIII.

Christmas — Paranà — The Route Thither — The Pesebre — Christmas in the Cathedral.

Christmas, with tne mercury among the nineties, and yet, as in the home land, the merriest day of the year. I was to take dinner on this glorious 25th of December, A. D. 1880, with a family of genuine Californians, nine miles from the city of Paranà. True, the steeds were somewhat weather-beaten; portions of cuticle had been abraded from their shoulders and backs, and their joints were not so supple as in colthood. The carriage also was wayworn, and portions of the cutis-vera had departed from the cushions and lining, but both did their very best to amble over the smooth prairie sward in the early Christmas morning. There was a crisp freshness in the air and a sparkle in the dew-drops. The terotero went crouching on the grass, or swept the air with its broad wings. Little chirping warblers and myriads of insects filled the air

with a low, glad harmony. All nature breathed the angel's song, "Peace on earth." The thousands of sheep grazing on every side, felt that peace unbroken and scarcely raised their heads as we rolled slowly past.

The city of Paranâ is beautifully situated on a high bluff overlooking the river, which is here very clear, and dotted with picturesque islands. Steamers plow the waters. Here and there the tall masts of sea-going brigs and sloops may be seen. In the main-land are lovely glades shaded by trees of the freshest verdure. Anon we have glimpses of river islands, groves, and glades. We met one wagon on its way to town with a hilarious company of men and women, whose bare feet dangled nearly to the ground; and further on two stalwart Italian peasant women, carefully carrying their shoes on their arms till they should reach the outskirts of the city.

But the three leagues are passed, and "The California Home," with the Stars and Stripes floating over it, rises before us, and in the porch stands the former assistant in the Mission School, to give us a double welcome.

Such a day! A real home Christmas in a foreign

land! Only the exile can appreciate it. We were all *Americans*. We were *one* in faith. We were all rejoicing in Him who had proclaimed "good will." And "being assembled together," we had a little meeting before the grays were brought out again, to amble laboriously over the greensward under a sultry sun.

There is but one street-car route in this city of 12,000 inhabitants. Paranà is the seat of a Bishopric, and has a Cathedral clock with sand-bags for weights, thus accommodating the length of its seconds to the state of the atmosphere. That sole car track, after traversing the entire length of the city, winds around the bluff in the most romantic fashion. Its cars groan themselves down to the steamer landing, two miles away, the while it regales its passengers with feasts of nature's beauty, such as tram-vias are not wont to indulge in.

The steamer lay puffing at the wharf, and soon its three bars of blue and white were floating over the silvery tide, around the ever-varying river bends. The farewell sun dashed the sky with gorgeous colorings that slowly mingled with descending night.

Early the next morning, after my return, (whatever is done here at Christmas time must be done in "the cool of the day,") I received a call from one of our pupils, who politely informed me that there was a "*Pesebre*" in her home, and it would give great pleasure if I would confer the honor to see it in the evening. I went. The principal furniture had been taken from one room and a platform erected at the side, surrounded by circular steps. These steps were covered with bright cambrics, and on them were arranged a variety of toys beyond my power of description. Each may have had its significance, but I do not understand the symbolism. There were giraffes with movable heads; Paraguay wildcats with a nasal squeak; groups of nondescript peasants with bundles of unknown cereals, and nondescript knights without bundles. There were miniature lakes in glass preserve dishes, with real fishes swimming in them, and make-believe bugs and spiders floating on the water. As the Glasgow legend has it, there were—

"Fishes that never swam,
And bells that never rang;
Trees that never grew,
And birds that never flew."

There were monkeys riding on elephants, and couriers galloping at full speed through forests made of twigs broken from orange, eucalyptus, silver and gold, and magnolia trees. The platform itself was heavily shaded with large branches from all kinds of deciduous trees and evergreens, mingled with canes, maize, grasses, and wheat stalks. On the platform was a canopy, guarded on one side by a mule and a camel, with figures under them that might be shepherds or banditti. In the background appeared the cowl of Joseph, and at the farther edge stood Mary, in a white satin robe, with tinsel trimmings, and wearing a most woe-begone countenance.

Through a secluded path at one side the kings of Egypt, Arabia and Nubia came jogging along in a procession, each carrying a roll of spices. Each day they are moved a little nearer, till, on January 6th, their journey ends. Under the canopy lay a wax doll, a foot or more in length, clothed also in satin and tinsel, and bound around the waist with a gilt girdle. On the head was a mass of curls and frizzes, among which were twined gilt beads, as though it were ready for a fancy ball. It lay on a

crimson velvet cushion, supported on one elbow, holding up a string of pearl baubles, with which it seemed immensely gratified.

And was that my Saviour!

I am told that in homes of wealth, money without stint is lavished on the "Pesebres," and the poorest regard the securing of one, be it never so simple, something for which to stint their scanty living the year through. The windows of business houses are full of them. In one it is a moss-grown cave; in another, a tent in a rocky wilderness, with the animals from Noah's ark hovering about it, and a gentle nun keeping them at bay. In another, it is a gorgeous niche, with the "The Queen of Heaven" rocking a cradle. Again, a Sister of Charity sits holding an infant swathed like an Egyptian mummy. Step into a *Santeria*, and the clerk will ask: "Have a Jesus?" "Have a Mary?" Unconsciously he has acquired a flippant tone. Be the image what it may to his customer, to him it is but a bit of merchandise.

That holiday evening a soft hand was laid on my arm, a sweet voice said in my ear, "Allow me to say one little prayer to the Virgin for you; it will cost you nothing!"

The kings had nearly ended their journey when I went into the brilliantly lighted Cathedral. In front of the great altar, and a little to one side, was a grotto where stood a mule, a monk and a nun, looking intently at a baby, over which a docile cow was chewing the cud, and before which a multitude were represented as kneeling. Outside of the grotto was "The Queen of Heaven," "The Mother of God," life-size, in a blaze of jewels, and the real people were kneeling to her. Among the worshipers two old women were especially conspicuous for the fervor of their devotions. They bowed painfully till their foreheads touched the floor. Their stiffened joints slowly brought them up again, only that the difficult process might be repeated.

Near the main entrance, on a low pedestal, was a glass case in which lay a wax doll, the size of a common baby three months old. It had the same mass of curls, twined with gilt beads, as the one first seen, and was clothed in laces and rich embroidery. It kicked out its bare foot, baby fashion, and the retiring worshipers stopped to kiss the foot through the glass.

"How long, O Lord,
Holy and true, how long?"

CHAPTER XIV.

Blessing the Candles — The Altar of Indulgences.

February seventh was made sacred by the "Holy Function" of "Blessing the Candles," which was performed by "The Most Holy Bishop" of Uruguay in the Cathedral. At nine o'clock the bell in the great tower rang. Already the aisles were crowded. From a side room, whose entrance was concealed by crimson curtains, came a procession of priests preceded by boys carrying long, silver standards with burning tapers. The first order of priests, and there were many, were clad plainly in long, black robes. Their heads were uncovered. The second order added their peculiar sacerdotal hats. One walked alone, dressed in a long, faded, purple mantle. Other orders wore short linen jackets of varied patterns. After these were others, with linen overskirts, and last came the Bishop, whose tottering steps (he is since deceased,) were supported by priests who, over their black skirts, wore linen overskirts, with lace reaching to the knee, and

over their shoulders, satin pelisses covered with gold embroidery in symbolic designs. The lace overskirt of the Bishop reached to the knee, and was very costly. His long, square pelisse was of the same material as those of his supporters, but more heavily ornamented. He wore on his head a white satin cap with gold braid, that reminded me of one seen on the head of a mischievous urchin in pictures of "The Village School."

The procession went three times around the altar saluting an image, then conducted the Bishop to his seat in a reading desk, opposite to which chairs were arranged for the priests, from which he intoned a short address. It may have been in Latin. It may have been in Spanish. It may have been in Guarani. It mattered little what language it was in, as the only discernable syllable was "ōn," which occurred at regular intervals, and was much prolonged. Throughout, he kept up a motion with his hands as if brushing away flies, but it may have been a charm to ward off evil spirits, as while making it he frequently looked toward the image of "The Mother of God," who occupied her usual place of honor over the great altar.

This ceremony being ended an armful of candles, each a yard or more long, were laid beside the Bishop, and each priest, in turn, came forward, knelt, kissed the ring on the Bishop's finger and received a candle from his hand, then knelt to the image, and went back to his seat with a look of supreme satisfaction. More armfuls of candles were brought out. Each of the little boys who acted as waiters, bell-ringers and torch-bearers, knelt, kissed the ring and went away.

The procession again formed, and, with the ringing of bells, the swinging of censers and the chanting of the priests, made the circuit of this Christian (?) temple. It halted and offered incense before each image of the Goddess who ruled the day. There were twelve such images. Before two of them the poor old Bishop knelt and wrung his hands imploringly.

When he had been conducted to his seat again, many persons in the audience who had brought candles with them, pressed forward to have them sanctified by his touch. They knelt, first to the image, then to the Bishop. Some of the candles thus presented were elaborately ornamented; others

were the poorest penny dips. But whether they represented wealth or poverty, the expression of satisfaction with which they were carried away, was the same. At last the exhausted Bishop was pompously reconducted to his room behind the crimson curtains. More armfuls of candles and more eager devotees followed.

After this a priest in a short lace overdress and white satin mantle, went before "*the altar of indulgences*," in which the omnipotent Goddess stood with outstretched hand, and before which the people knelt, some of them bowing till their faces touched the floor. Did Ezekiel see this vision when he spake by the Holy Ghost: "She hath changed my judgments into wickedness. Wherefore, as I live, saith the Lord, surely, because thou hast defiled my sanctuary with all thy detestable things, and with all thine abominations, therefore mine eye shall not spare,—that your altars may be laid waste and made desolate, and your idols may be broken and cease, and your images may be cut down, and your works may be abolished."

"Even so come, Lord Jesus."

CHAPTER XV.

Carnival — The Pōmō — The Douche — Burning Judas — Bible — Bonfires — Marriage.

To the majority, good people, the word "Carnival" is merely a figure of speech. But here "Carnival" is *the* event of the year. Everything looks forward to it. Everything stops for it. Everything dates from it. The mother of one of my pupils explained: "The Holy Church has found it necessary to give this respite to her faithful children as a preparation, that they may be able to endure the sore rigors of the long season of mourning. They have Carnival to brace them up for Lent."

This season of special preparation for the contemplation of our Lord's death began this year on Sabbath, February 27th. For weeks, the windows of business houses have been filled with masks of all descriptions, and other appliances for its proper observance. Chief among these appliances is the pōmō, a can or bottle of soft, flexible tin, with

screwed cap over the small neck. The pōmō varies in length from three to nine inches, and in diameter from half an inch to two inches. The cost of a common article is from twenty-five cents to one dollar. But the quality, quite as much as the quantity of the contents, determines the value. The pōmō contains perfumed water. Every variety of perfume is discernable. I am told that poisoned pōmōs are also used as a means of taking vengeance on supposed enemies, or of settling an old grudge. The top being removed, and the pōmō squeezed between the finger and thumb, a fine steady stream of water is poured upon the object of attack. The chief aim is at the eye. The ear is the mark next in favor. Then the neck and mouth. But no part enjoys immunity. The only way to escape being made a target, is to stay close within doors, and see that every crevice is closed. The custom is said to be of great antiquity, coming down from the Moors, and is a refinement on the practice formerly in vogue of deluging with pailfuls of water,—a custom which is not yet altogether extinct.

Until the Church lost its absolute power, utter lawlessness prevailed during the days of Carnival.

Whatever came into human thought might express itself in action. But now the *infidel* arm of civil power interposes some restrictions. It has prohibited the buckets of water and the paper douche. The latter was made by rolling a large sheet of paper, twisting the end, filling it with water and dropping it from the housetop or balcony on the head of a passer-by. The weight and accumulated momemtum gained in falling, inflicted a severe blow at the same moment that the bursting paper gave an inopportune bath. The many murders committed in retaliation caused the interference of the civil power. In Rosario, the law forbidding the douche includes the whole city, but in Montevideo, certain streets are yet legally given up to it, and whoever ventures on those streets must take the consequences.

This year the civil power in Rosario has reached farther, forbidding the use of beans. To insure the observance of this new edict, it has prohibited the sale or use of candies. This law raised an outcry among confectioners; but soldiers stood around with bayonets fixed and swords unsheathed. Formerly, immense quantities of beans were *sugar-coated*, in

readiness for these street sports, and people pelted each other with them. They were showered from housetops and hurled from windows. The sensation produced by such pelting may be imagined. The loss of eyes and the receipt of other bodily injuries moved the municipality to interfere, and rational thanksgiving drowns the wail of the confectioners.

The municipality has also decreed that within the bounds of its control, Carnival shall on no day begin before 10 A. M. But in this it has not been so successful. The pōmō is uncontrollable, as are also the india-rubber water-bags.

There was no service at the Cathedral during the first three days of Carnival. Even the usual daily mass was omitted. All the first day, the Sabbath, individuals, pairs or companies, dressed in their peculiar uniforms, walked the streets, or called on their lady friends. One noticable costume was that of a Spanish knight of the fourteenth century. This dress was made of bright green, with white and tinsel trimmings. The cape was lined with white and thrown back from the right shoulder. Hideous masks peered in at our windows, and once, a pōmō was thrust through the opening for letters, and dis-

charged in the face of one of our little girls. The street-car company had the opportunity of redeeming former losses, as everybody seemed disposed to ride. As the car passed, water was dashed in at the doors, and against the windows, and those who occupied it plied their pōmōs on each other. As the afternoon wore away, the streets became more thronged. At 8 P. M. they were crowded. At 9, bands of music started from the Government House, followed by two large, fancifully decorated wagons, in which were young ladies draped in allegorical costume, and a foot company of young men representing the Republic. Other carriages were starting from other points, and gaily decked private carriages with ladies in fancy dress, were rumbling through the various streets. For weeks in advance, young ladies are busy making mottoes and devices (not unlike book-marks), which they present to their gentlemen friends who wear them pinned across the breast. I counted eight of these on a knight in green. Others had their jackets well covered with them, while some wore only one or two. This custom is probably a remnant of the days of chivalry, a

shadow of the ghost which Cervantes laughed out of Spain.

The streets which intersect the city from North to South, and from East to West, and cross each other in the heart of the business section, were brilliantly illuminated by arches of gas jets spanning them at short intervals, by Chinese lanterns and groups of crystal lights, the effect of which was very pretty. Between the gas arches, cords crossed the streets covered with all manner of flags. Flags also floated over many houses.

On these streets, roofs, balconies and pavements were densely crowded. At 10 P. M. the procession passed through them. The police cleared the way at its approach, but the crowd closed in around the carriages, pouring the contents of their pōmōs into the faces and on the bare shoulders and arms of the ladies, who tried to protect their eyes with their glass fans while they returned the pōmō drenching. Soon after 11 P. M. flags were drawn in, lights extinguished, and comparative quiet prevailed. Monday was a repetition of the Sabbath.

Throughout the gayeties, red was a conspicuous color in the dress of the ladies. Yellow combined

with black, and yellow without much combination, were also noticeable. The Government ladies wore the national colors, blue and white. By day as well as at night harlequius of every description paraded the streets. On Tuesday night the streets were more densely crowded than on either of the preceding evenings. Maskers of all grades and pōmō peddlers dodged in and out among the carriages, the latter plying a lucrative trade.

On Wednesday, ashes took the place of water. Mass was said in the Cathedral, but whoever ventured out, ran the risk of having brocade or broadcloth transformed into sackcloth. A sort of swab, or trowel, or patch of cloth or leather dipped in ashes, or better, in flour or chalk, from which the passer received a blow, took the place of the pōmō. The effect of such white patches on one's garments is extremely ludicrous.

Then came a respite. Thursday, Friday and Saturday business could go on, while the faithful recruited their energies for "the great day of the Feast." Sabbath, March 6, from early morning, grotesque faces paraded the streets. All day the street cars were subjected to a continuous spasmodic shower-

bath. All day the pavements were wet from the pōmō warfare. Doorways were crowded with women and girls engaged in it, and scuffles with their assailants were not unfrequent. At dusk, bells began to clang and drums to beat. Before 9 o'clock the streets were thronged with vehicles of every description. At 10, soldiers cleared the way for "The Corzo." First came an immense funeral car, on which lay the figure of a human body with a sheet thrown over it. The face was bare—a ghastly, grinning visage. On each corner of the car sat a man in black mask, with glaring eyes, holding a taper and wearing a very high hat with long crape streamer. Next after this, marched the company representing the Republic, carrying rich banners garlanded with flowers. After them came the Government wagons with ladies, and next the company of the country, with band, banners and wreaths; more carriages; the company of the epoch; carriages; the company of the city; carriages of ladies; a company of horsemen; clowns; fifteen carriages; six open street cars, crowded inside, on the steps and on the roof; six carriages; another company of horsemen; two street cars; buffoons; more car-

riages ; charlatans, pōmō peddlers, masqueraders.

It was a grotesque mingling of the solemnity of mourning, the strains of merriment and the triumph of justice. The *death* part of the procession entered the Market Square, where was a platform which the four companies mounted with their bands of music. The platform was enclosed with festoons of gay lanterns, balloons and the like, which, as the music continued, resolved themselves into a series of fireworks. Finally, one by one, the posts became whirling fire-wheels from which stars and rockets were hurled. While this was going on, the companies continued dancing wildly. As the last post was extinguishing itself, amid the continuous roar of firecrackers, bursting torpedoes and shooting rockets, the dense smoke of saltpetre and sulphur, and drippings from flaming tar-kegs, the dancers leaped to the ground, formed in rank and conducted the corpse, which represented Judas, to the other end of the Market Place, where was a scaffold to which it was raised. But the tragedy was not yet complete. Judas not only hanged himself, but "burst asunder in the midst." By the help of a torch, his representative proceeded, not only to burst asunder in

every part of the body, but every fissure emitted flame. Arms shot away in fire-crackers and rockets. Muscles disappeared in bright streams through his mail leggins and boots. The top of his head flew off with a loud explosion. In the continuous whirling of the body, the toes shot themselves away, and, finally, when nothing remained but the boots, they became a revolving star with many colored rays, which went out one by one. As the last ray grew dim, the mourners and executioners again formed a procession and marched off to their several headquarters, where sumptuous banquets awaited them, and where, with their masked partners, they would dance till morning.

In like manner, several private Judases were burned in different parts of the city.

Such is the means by which "The Holy Church of Rome" seeks to satisfy the cravings of the immortal soul; such the observances by which it has here replaced, and would throughout the world replace the Christian Sabbath. Such are the displays it substitutes for the pure Word of God. Let all who revere that Word as the safe guide and rule of prac-

tice, all who "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," ponder these things.

"Burning Judas" is not wholly confined to the Carnival ceremonies, nor is it solely a preparation for the death of our Lord. On the contrary, the traitor makes himself conspicuous on many public occasions, especially if marked disrespect is to be shown God. If a bonfire of Bibles is to be made, Judas lights the pile. This is actually figured by his holding one in his hand. An interesting case of this kind occurred in San Ramon, in 1878; interesting, because of the results that have followed. A lady who had been a devotee of the Church of Rome, purchased a New Testament from the colporteur, and was converted. The priest became infuriated, and collected funds to make a grand bonfire on the 31st of August, the feast-day of the saint to whom the protection of the town had been confided. When the time came, a grotesque figure with a New Testament between its hands was hung up on a gallows, and the torch was about to be applied, when a young man rushed forward and rescued the book he revered, and afterward presented it to Mr. Milne, the agent of the American

Bible Society, who sent it to the Bible House in New York, where it is now kept as one of its prized relics. So far was this act of the priest from serving the purpose for which it was designed, it the rather confirmed the lady and her family in the new faith, and meetings were begun in their house in which the reading of the Scriptures by herself and her husband held a prominent place. This meeting has resulted in the formation of a class which is the nucleus of a Church, with ten members on probation. Although Bibles are still burned occasionally, the era of Bible bonfires is past, as it is generally known before the purchase that it is a prohibited book. The demoralizing effect of substituting pageants for Bibles, and fire-crackers for the principles of right living, is illustrated by an incident which was related without any intention of pointing a moral.

In this country, evangelized—shall we say Christianized ?—by Rome 300 years ago, there is such an institution as Christian marriage. Its purity is sedulously guarded by priestly rites and ceremonies. The entrance thereto is carefully hedged by priestly fees. In the Province of Santa Fé, the priest's fee, at the lowest rate, is $40. The civil dues augment

this sum. Hence the door to the holy precincts of the legal home can only be entered by those who hold a silver key. The consequence is that they are left the almost undisputed monopoly of the rite, while the poor content themselves with relationships outside of law. When a man is converted from Romanism to Christ, which family to abandon, or what disposition can be made of the different ones, is likely to be one of his most perplexing problems. The fact that a Church has been organized that will not admit to membership persons living in social sin, is stirring up a conscience outside of its immediate communion. This awakening reached a wealthy estancero, the uncle of one of our pupils who lives several leagues inland, in whose employment had been a man and woman holding to each other this questionable relationship. The estancero insisted that they should be married, and as they had not the requisite $40, he gave it to them, and lent them horses to go to the city for that purpose. They set out, much elated with the prospect. At each wayside "Pulperio," where they rested their horses, they rejoiced with fire-crackers. On the way, whenever they chanced to meet an acquaintance, they

rejoiced with him after a prevalent mode of greeting, that is, to buy a quantity of fire-crackers, and stand by while they snap. Thus they continued their triumphal march, till when the Cathedral loomed before them half of the money had vanished. They stood together before the altar to be made man and wife. The ceremony was begun in due form and the priest extended his hand for the money, when the remaining $20 was put into it.

"This is not enough," said the priest.

"It is all we have," was the answer.

"You must add another $20," demanded the priest.

"But we have no more."

The altercation grew spirited.

"I will not marry you without the $40," asserted the priest.

"Very well," responded the twain, "we have lived together fourteen years without your permission, and we can get along without it still."

So they remounted their horses, and spent the remaining $20 for fire-crackers for the return ride.

CHAPTER XVI.

The La Plata Valley — Soil — Woods — Minerals — Fruits — Timber — Inhabitants — The Gaucho — His Wife — His Dress — Languages — Money.

The La Plata Valley includes the whole Argentine Republic,—in round numbers an area of 1,500,000 square miles: Uruguay, with a territory of 75,000 square miles; Paraguay, with 130,000; the southeastern part of Bolivia and portions of the western Departments of Brazil, making a total area exceeding 2,000,000 square miles, equal to the three countries—Italy, Hindostan, and Mexico.

As a whole, the soil is exceedingly fertile. The eastern portion is broken by spurs of the low mountain ranges of the Brazilian Highlands. The western part is an immense system of highlands rising by rugged steps to the elevation of the Andes. These drop down into the Pampas at one end, and the plains of Northern Bolivia at the other. Their elevation recompenses their low latitude. Their

mineral and agricultural wealth made them the most populous and valued part of the old Vice-Royalty of Buenos Ayres. They now hold ten Provinces of Argentina and all the available territory of Bolivia. This vast region finds its only natural outlet in the Paranà River. Rosario de Santa Fé is its entrepôt. Between these highlands and the great rivers is a long, narrow valley extending, with little variation of surface, to the southern extremity of the continent. Thus, Patagonia, which as a plateau would be a frozen land, has a climate that is attracting the sturdy farmers of the Old World, who promise ere long to convert these hunting grounds into waving wheat fields.

The eastern slope of the Andes has many varieties of wood valuable as building material, as also those of fine grain for cabinet work. As yet these are comparatively useless from lack of means of easy transportation. So soon as they become more accessible than the forests of North America, they will rival in value the rich ores of the ridges they clothe with beauty.

The mineral wealth, as yet but slightly developed, is not trifling. Gold, silver, copper and iron abound

in the mountain chains. Salt, the most abundant of all its minerals, is widely diffused, and exists in great quantities in the Gran Chaco. The southern part of the continent is so charged with saltpetre as to make it an object of controversy to four warlike nations.

As in the Mississippi Valley, so here, agriculture will naturally become the chief employment of the people. As yet, it is in its infancy, the chief industry of these nations being rude stock-raising. Commerce is chiefly left to foreign residents—French, English, or North American; architecture to the Italians.

Even in stock-raising and agriculture, the presence of a foreign element is felt. The Irish have taken the lead in sheep-farming. Wheat-growing has gained an impetus from the introduction from North America of self-binding reapers and steam threshers. Wheat is the most important grain crop. Enterprising farmers count their acres devoted to this cereal by hundreds. December is the general harvest month, but the season varies a few weeks, according to location. Twenty-five bushels to the acre is a fair average crop. What it would be

under a system of cultivation other than "cropping" can scarcely be estimated. Maize, barley, and all grains indigenous to the temperate zone, grow readily. Melons grow in abundance. The fruits of both the Temperate and Torrid zones can be grown almost without care. The apple was introduced into Argentina from Chili by the Indians in the remote past, and has become thoroughly naturalized, but has not improved. Pomological science has not passed its infancy, if, indeed, it has become a resident. Figs, oranges, lemons, bananas, peaches, pears, quinces, apricots, grapes, pomegranates, cocoanuts, and other fruits abound in different sections. In some of the northern districts the natives live almost wholly upon fruit. A kind of bread made by mixing the fruit of the algarroba tree with Indian meal, is much used. An intoxicating drink is also made of the algarroba pods. The algarroba tree is nearly allied to our "honey-locust." The long, narrow, bean-like pods have a sweetish husk. Our Spanish version of the Scriptures uses the word "algarroba," instead of the word "husks," in the parable of the Prodigal Son, making it read, "He would fain have filled his belly with the algarrobas

which the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him." The matè, or "Paraguay tea," is indigenous throughout Paraguay, the northern and eastern parts of Argentina, and in Southern Brazil. Its use is universal throughout these countries, and it is yearly becoming more an article of export. Cotton is grown as far south as Catamarca, and a fair quality of rice "with berry like the Carolina rice," has this year been produced on one of the islands of the Paranà in front of Rosario. Tobacco is somewhat extensively cultivated in the northern part of Argentina, in Paraguay, and the Bolivian and Brazilian frontiers.

To all this country the Rio de la Plata is the natural entrance. With its numerous branches it reaches the remote islands. Traffic between Brazilian towns in the regions indicated and the Brazilian capital is effected by its agency. On account of the numerous low mountain ranges that traverse the southeastern portion of the empire and have their general direction nearly parallel with the coast, it is found easier and cheaper to ship goods to the interior towns from Rio Janeiro, by way of Montevideo and the Paranà and Uruguay

Rivers, than to attempt an overland route. From Rio Janeiro to Cuyabà, the capital of the Department of Matto Grosso, by water, is something over 3,000 miles, and can be made by steamer in a short time. By the land route it is 1,200 miles, and it requires sixty days of hard travel to accomplish it. The Paranà itself is navigable by steamers 2,000 miles, and reaches out 1,200 miles to the westward by steamers on the Bermejo, to grasp the riches of the Bolivian mines.

The chief timber growth of the eastern section of the valley follows the course of the tributaries of the La Plata. In the Pampas no tree can really be called native, but many kinds have been brought from other lands and have readily adapted themselves to their new home. Among these are some forty varieties of the eucalyptus (a fragrant tree of rapid growth), the tree of paradise, the pepper, and other Australian, Indian, and European trees of varieties almost without number. The aloe abounds. One variety, which requires seven years to mature, sends up a flower stalk like a young poplar tree, and then dies. Another variety, a perennial, is used as a common hedging

plant. It is practically an everlasting fence, although there is a possibility of its becoming unwieldy. The cactus, alone or mixed with the aloe, makes a fence impenetrable by man or beast.

The inhabitants are as diverse as the agricultural products. The Argentine, especially, is a mixed race, a mixture of races, and races that refuse to be mixed. The early Spanish and Portugese conquerors encountered two entirely different types of the Indian in possession of the country. The one was mild, docile and affectionate in disposition, and pastoral in mode of life. It occupied the great Andean plateau, was easily reduced to serfdom and amalgamated with its conquerors. The other was fierce, warlike, nomadic, and, like the North American Indian, unconquerable. It occupied the low plain west of the Paranà, and still occupies that part of it which lies north of the Salado River, known as "El Gran Chaco," and the part lying south of the Rio Nigro. The Gran Chaco is estimated at 100,000 square miles in Argentina and extends an uncomputed distance into Bolivia. Over these plains the Indians fought and scalped at will, being actual possessors from the Salt Plains of Bolivia to the

Saltpetre Plains of Patagonia. Santa Fé lies in the middle ground occupied by these warlike tribes. Twenty years ago this was the least promising of the Argentine Provinces. Harrassed by the savages of the Chaco on one side and the Pampa on the other, agriculture was impossible and stock-raising precarious. Now it is the most thickly settled region north of the Province of Buenos Ayres. Agriculture has here reached the highest development in the South American continent. It is scarcely more than two years since the Province of Buenos Ayres was freed from the incursions of the southern wing of these savages, who are now restricted to the territory south of the Rio Nigro. The Patagonian Indian is always represented of hideous countenance and blood-thirsty disposition.

From the amalgamation of conquerors and conquered, or conquerors and unconquered, have also sprung two distinct types to which no other name than "natives" will apply. The low grade is ever the unaspiring peōn, the contented beast of burden, the menial of menials. The other presents the "gaucho," the lord of the prairie. The word gaucho is of diverse application. As used by some it is equiv-

alent to our word *countryman* or *stock-raiser*. As used by others, to it attaches the meaning of robber or bandit. Many of the gauchos are descended from the ancient "caballeros"—*the gentlemen*—of Spain, in the era when only the nobility were horsemen. When the fiery Spanish *gentleman* felt the surge of Indian blood in his veins, and spent his wild, free life on his horse, he gradually lost the graces that had attached to the name, while he retained the *hauteur*, the contempt of labor and of the laborer. He became the exact antipode of his half-brother, the Spanish Argentine gentleman of the city—who scrupulously maintained all the amenities of life, all the polish of his ancestors, all their pride of caste, and was by him regarded as an inferior being, and, in affairs of state, an unknown factor. But in the revolutionary struggles that have agitated the country for the past seventy years, there came a time when the gaucho, with his droves of horses and spear-points of broken shears, came to the aid of the faltering army, and by his prowess turned the tide of war. In the result he recognized his power and refused longer to be an unknown factor. He claims acres by thousands. He lives in a mud hut called

a *rancho*, or in a tent made of hides. His food is the flesh of the ox, sheep, or horse, which he cuts in long strips, roasts before the fire (when he can get a fire), and holds up in his left hand by one end while he takes the other between his teeth, and severs a mouthful with his belt knife. His chief wealth consists in horses, which he delights to brand with his own hand. His wife is his slave. He may not be destitute of affection, but his caprice is law, and his caresses may be cruelty. But what is she? Has she a voice to be heard? True, *custom* puts her very low, but even here day-break tinges the horizon. The *jurisprudence* of the country, when actual cruelty is shown, is all that could be desired, and there are rare instances when even the gaucho's wife ventures to complain. Such an instance was reported to me in December as just having occurred. A gaucho estancero (the mild countryman gaucho), living a few leagues from Rosario, was branding his horses, and told his wife to bring him something he needed. She obeyed, but was not quick enough to satisfy her impatient lord, who thrust the red-hot branding iron into her cheek. I shuddered at the recital and asked, "Do such things often happen?"

"Very often," was the answer, to which was added the explanation, "It is from the want of religion and education."

In dress the gaucho gentleman is entirely independent of Parisian fashion plates. He wears a leggin to the knee, made from the skin taken from the leg of the horse or colt, untanned. His toes protrude, guiltless of covering. He has very wide white trousers, reaching a little below the knee, trimmed with fringe, lace or embroidery. His next essential is a long shawl, one end of which is fastened into his belt in front, the other behind, making a sort of seamless wrap called a *chirripá*. His belt is of dressed hogskin, often elaborately embroidered. It is double, from six to nine inches in depth, and is formed into a number of pockets, which are separated from each other by a row of buttons, which are silver dollars or half-dollars. The lappet of each pocket is fastened down with a dollar, and the whole is sometimes festooned with silver links, from which depend silver dollars. It may be ornamented in front with the same kind of buttons, or it may have an elaborate silver or gold clasp surrounded with coarse filagree. His shirt is of ample dimensions.

He seldom wears a coat. In times of political excitement he may sport a bright handkerchief about his neck, of the color of his political party. He always wears a broad, soft, slouched hat, and, over his shoulders, or strapped behind his saddle, he carries his poncho, which corresponds in color and texture with his chirripá. The poncho of the wealthy gaucho is very fine and made from vicuna wool, striped in the natural colors. The gaucho of moderate means wears an imitation, made of common wool. The trappings of his horse are of the gayest. His saddle-cloth is of cunning workmanship. The reins and other important parts of the bridle are made in short sections, linked together with solid silver. The sections themselves may also be of silver. Sometimes a breast-band extends from shoulder to shoulder of the saddle, one, two, or three circles in width, covered with plates and links of silver, occasionally accompanied with gold. To the headstall are added all manner of fancy devices, from the precious metal that gives the country its name. I have seen one in use by which the horse's head was almost entirely hidden by the silver ornaments, and the stirrup was a mass of silver that quite

hid the rider's foot. His handsome whip of braided rawhide, with a silver handle, ending in a ring, hangs from his wrist by a silver chain. His lasso and *boleadoras* are coiled at the back of his saddle. He is never without these. They are the badge of his station. The *boleadoras* are three stone balls sewed up in leather and attached to leather thongs. Two of the balls are of equal weight and the thongs holding them are of equal length, about six feet. The end of these two thongs is fastened to the longer thong of the lighter ball, which, in using, he holds in his hand. Having selected the animal he wishes to capture, he swings these around over his head with great force, then lets them fly, and they wind themselves about the feet of the animal, which is thus made captive, with or without the use of the lasso.

The languages spoken are as diverse as the people. Spanish is the official language in all civilized centres outside of Brazil, and while the common people may mix it with corrupted dialects, the cultured use "the language fit for the gods" with stately elegance. In Brazil, Portuguese is the official, and hence the refined language. Quichua is used in

the mountain regions, from Santiago northward; Guarani in the river regions, from Corrientes northward, and barbarous dialects among the savages.

Fifteen kinds of money are in use in the Province of Santa Fé, each of which has its own standard of value around which it varies, and none of which are either coined or printed on this continent.

Politically, with the exception of the Brazilian Departments or sections of Departments, the entire valley is under Republican forms of government. True, they have sometimes been called "Parodies on Republicanism," and not unaptly. Government has been unstable; the people have been unstable, because they have not yet discovered the true source of stability. A nation may be born in a day, but it does not grow to maturity in a day. The laws are good, especially in the two lower Republics, because their best statesmen have wisely copied the laws of better governed nations. That they are not always executed according to their true intent, is not the fault of the laws.

The "Pampas," including all these southern plains, support the immense herds of wild cattle, whose products have thus far been one of the chief

exports of the Republic. Their surface is so flat as to present the novelty of rivers losing themselves. Streams that at first tumbled down from the Andes ooze away through the porous soil, and leave no sign save the luxuriant verdure. It is hard to imagine the solitude of these plains previous to the Spanish conquest, when neither horse nor ox was known to the South American wilds.

In all these Provinces natural resources are being rapidly developed, and material prosperity is on the steady increase. The Territories also are being opened. The General Government is now encouraging immigration, and the peasantry of Europe is flowing into its fertile valleys and taking possession of its verdant mountain slopes. They come from their several countries in companies, usually under a manager, and form themselves into "colonies." They bring with them the frugal habits, the vices, or the superstitions of the Old World.

Scattered throughout all these Provinces may be found the speculating Yankee, the chaffering Frenchman, the accumulating Englishman, and the proud conservative Argentine-Castilian, tracing his lineage to the days of glory and conquest, and

counting his wealth by land patents rather than filagree buttons. Where is the principle that can make of all these one homogeneous people? Where is the salt with which it shall be salted?

CHAPTER XVII.

Our South American Missions — The Bible Society's Work — The Church in Buenos Ayres — The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society — Medical Work — A Plea for Help.

The vast region sketched in the last chapter is what is known to the Missionary Societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, as its "South American Work."

Nature has constituted this a field distinct from every other. The mountain ranges of Brazil cut it off from intercourse with the work and workers on the eastern coast. The Andes raise a wall between it and the western coast laborers that can scarcely be scaled. The impenetrable forests of the tropics, haunted by wild beasts and wilder men, place it at a distance too remote from the Carribean Republics to receive impress from them. Only the ocean, "the boundless, heaving ocean," brings to it the throb of the great Christian heart beyond. And the pulsations it has brought have been *O, so feeble!*

as compared with the huge body to be warmed into life.

After a tour of inspection made by Rev. Mr. Pitt, the work of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church was opened in the La Plata Valley, in 1836, by Rev. John Dempster, who arrived in Buenos Ayres in December. Not until after the overthrow of the Dictator Rosas was it possible for the missionary to extend his labors beyond the foreign population of the city of Buenos Ayres. But the time was not lost. The English-speaking Church then founded, is to-day not only a strong fulcrum for the gospel lever, but is also furnishing the hands to move the lever. The Constitution of 1853 removed the restrictions which had confined the work to foreigners residing within the city limits, but it was much later before preaching or teaching the Scriptures in the native tongue was attempted. During the superintendency of Dr. Goodfellow, and through his influence, the first Spanish sermon was preached in the Church in Buenos Ayres, May 25th, 1867, by Rev. J. F. Thompson, who is the present pastor.

Between 1860 and 1870 Dr. Goodfellow visited

Montevideo at different times, and urged the Board to establish work there. In 1864 the work of the American Bible Society was inaugurated by the appointment of Mr. Andrew Milne as its Agent, who threw into it all the energy of his persistent Scotch nature. He settled in Montevideo, and immediately commenced a Sunday-school in Spanish and a prayer-meeting in English. Two years later, Rev. J. F. Thompson visited the city, and began preaching in Spanish and English. In 1870 the Missionary Society bought the property now occupied, and stationed him there. From this beginning grew the work that is reaching such grand proportions.

Personally and by proxy, from house to house, from Province to Province, Mr. Milne has pressed the claims of the Bible and its adaptability to satisfy human need. When Priestcraft has shown its fury by making bonfires of Bibles, he has quickly renewed the store, made all the more precious to those who have learned to love the Word, or more worthy of examination to those whose curiosity alone has been excited. During the past year, while the Bishop of Montevideo was making a triumphant march through one of the Departments of Uruguay,

burning Bibles as a part of his pageant, Mr. Milne's colporteurs followed right along with him and sold the Scriptures to the crowds in attendance. The sales of Bibles up to the beginning of 1881, amounted to 103,074 copies, and the proceeds of these sales to $23,562.33, United States gold.

During the superintendency of Dr. H. G. Jackson, "The Church" in Buenos Ayres, (the only building worthy of the name owned by Methodists on this continent,) was erected. It was dedicated with great rejoicing May 9th, 1872. Its estimated value is $60,000.

The *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society* is nobly taking the lead in educational matters, and has the honor of supporting the only schools of the Methodist denomination, and *the only evangelical schools for girls* in this great land. Speaking of those in Montevideo, in the report from which extracts have been taken, the Superintendent says: "These schools form an essential part of our operations. They are destined to grow into a great system of themselves, if the sisters in the United States will only appreciate duly their opportunity

and sustain the work liberally *now;* it will sustain itself by and by."

The possibilities of influence opening before the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society* through its school established in Rosario de Santa Fé, can scarcely be estimated. Its *day school*, its embryo orphanage and boarding school, are so many levers that will be powers in the uprooting of superstition and the upbuilding of Christian character, if they can only be properly managed. Now that a demand is being awakened for native female teachers, by developing a training-school with a thorough *normal course* of instruction, we may in a few years have our own teachers ready to meet the ever increasing demand.* Also, with help from the home churches to support such as give fair promise of excelling, but who have not the means of self-education, we may gain control of some of the best talent, and here, as the world over, the best talent means the greatest influence.

* *One* or *two* missionaries ought not to be expected to carry such a work. Nor is it rational to dream of even medium success without a building suited to our purpose. Up to July 1st, 1881, the W. F. M. S. had paid $5,452.52 for house rent, and its work has never been properly situated. Surely, renting is the poorest of all economy!

The whole missionary corps here is essentially a unit. The representatives of the two societies, working each in the sphere allotted, realize that the work is one. Wherever the preacher goes there is protection for the representatives of Woman's Work. Where a door opens for him, a door close beside it opens for her. In all those towns and cities, *we* should open schools and inaugurate our methods of evangelization. The colonies that are now occasionally visited, would hail with delight the accession of one from our number. But where are those who shall fill these posts? A few of them are in the schools and churches of the United States. But by far the greater number must be trained up here. There must be native teachers to elevate the masses of the natives. From the evangelical ranks of this country must be raised up the evangelists for the country. This result is being actually wrought out. One of the first orphans admitted to the benefits of this institution is the niece of Juan Correa, the native Boanerges who is doing such valiant service on the Brazilian frontier. And now that "Son of Consolation," Pensoti, the native preacher in Colonia, who left all and went out at

God's command without purse or scrip, whom God is now using as an instrument in the conversion of many, asks if I will take his daughter and niece to educate, adding that it is a great trial to himself and wife to part with them, but that it is the one desire of their hearts that these girls may be fitted for lives of usefulness. Nor are these destined to be solitary instances. For want of accomodations I have already had to refuse two little girls, whose parents would gladly sign any papers securing to us their services in the future, in order to give to them now the opportunities their own poverty forbids.

How can we hope to prosecute such a work as this without adequate provision? How can we establish a training-school without a roof to shelter it? How can we provide a home for the homeless while we have not where to lay our own heads independent of landlords' whims? How can we hope to feed the hungry with the bread of life through the agency of the bread that perisheth, so long as the treasury is drained to meet the landlord's exorbitant demands? How can we train up evangelists from their own number to carry the gospel of peace to the women of this realm, while the

main energy and chief thought must be directed to financial questions? It is worse than folly, it is worse than madness, it is *homicide* to cull the choicest from your own circles, and, in an enthusiasm of missionary fervor, send them out illy provided, to become physical wrecks in fighting obstacles or enduring privations that *money* can remove. With the best of appliances, the wants of the field and the urgency of the claims of eternity will tempt her who feels resting upon her the Omnipotent's command to teach all nations, to go beyond her strength and in the effort to save others, sacrifice herself. But pious homicide and suicide are alike dishonoring to God, and those who would by His grace rescue this land from blood-guiltiness must be guiltless of both.

There is yet another door that stands invitingly ajar before our Society—the medical door. Nowhere could there open to this class of evangelical labor a fairer prospect of success. Facilities for medical instruction have not yet flooded the land with practitioners, and the way is open even to illy qualified, enterprising adventurers from other lands, by whom fortunes are rapidly acquired.

While the native lady is hedged about with conventionalities that fetter every movement, a perfect freedom of action is accorded to those from the United States. Independence of thought and purpose is expected of them. Native credulity is ready to wonder at and exaggerate their abilities. We should not delay to take advantage of these two circumstances. We should immediately take steps to preëmpt this field, and thus take another long stride toward the emancipation of woman, and hasten the coming of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear Sisters, will you go up and possess this land of promise, to the borders of which the Lord hath brought you? He hath broken down the high walls before you. As ye have seen, it is a broad land; it is an exceeding good land; a land which floweth with milk and honey; a land of figs and pomegranates; a land where the vine flourisheth and the presses burst out with fatness.

"Let us go up at once and possess it, for we be abundantly able."

E. J. M. C.

Rosario de Santa Fé, Argentine Republic, South America.

CHAPTER XVIII.

South America for Christ.

John Wesley exclaimed: "The world is my parish."

There sits an old man in the Vatican Palace at Rome, who echoes the saying of the Anglican Reformer. His claim is based upon pretended infallibility. He has the far-sightedness of a shrewd, worldly policy. He holds to his eye a glass that sweeps the earth. His spies are in every camp, his reporters in every council chamber, his scouts on every frontier. His purpose of supremacy annihilates space and time. He looks across oceans, over mountain chains, and along river courses, computing coming populations. He finds the future centres of power. He can wait, for he plans for the years to come.

1. *It was the height of worldly wisdom for the Pope to conquer South instead of North America.*

The New World was discovered and colonized under a religious impulse. Huguenots and Puritans took refuge from persecution in North America. Roman Catholics turned their attention to the South, regarding the subjugation of the newly-discovered continent as so much missionary effort, bringing souls within the pale of the Church, and pouring wealth into her coffers.

Spain rose rapidly to the first rank among nations, enriched by her American spoils, and before the souls of her plundered, transatlantic subjects were dismissed by steel or rack, they were made ready for Heaven by the chrism of the Church.

North America was quietly settled by people, in the main, from the north of Europe. South America was conquered with great cruelty by men from southern Europe.

The former conquest was peaceable and permanent; the latter volcanic and unstable. The former was wrought under Divine, the latter according to human wisdom.

It is easy to see the worldly wisdom of choosing South instead of North America as a field of conquest. It was by far the richer and more tempting

territory. Its subjugation was an easier task. It lies mostly within the Torrid Zone. Its people are tropical in their nature—as fervid as the sun that burns through the heavens above their heads—easily conquered and easily governed.

The people of the Tropics are indolent, because they are in lands where nature spoils her children by indulgence, pouring the richest treasures into their laps, instead of obliging them to delve among rocks for their daily bread—passionate, rather than reasoning, they feel much and think little. Their conscience demands outward symbols, instead of fine moral distinctions. Their æsthetic sense, highly cultured by contact with a glorious outer world, takes their thought from spiritual beauty and simplicity.

They are full of poetic fervor, music and gayety, as free from thought for the future, and care to know the deep, hidden meanings of things about them, as children out for a holiday.

Immediate results appeared to justify the wisdom of the policy that turned the attention of the Pope to South America.

Before the union of Arragon and Castile by the

marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Spanish peninsula consisted of a number of petty kingdoms, always in a wrangle, and none of them felt as a force among European powers. Spain was so enriched by her American spoils that Charles V., the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, ruled an empire—Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands and Germany—and after his abdication this prosperity was turned to the advantage of the Church. His son, Philip II., seemed to have had the old dream of Papal supremacy; for he fought year after year for the establishment of the Inquisition in Holland, and sent out the Armada for the conquest of Great Britain. His zeal for Romanism was such that though he was ill in bed when news reached him of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, his joy over the destruction of French Protestantism was so great as to restore him at once to health.

The wealth flowing into the Roman Catholic Church from those rich South American conquests, poured over her—as sudden enrichment might be expected to do—a new tide of worldiness and ambition. Leo X. set about building St. Peter's, the grandest church in Christendom, and that led to the

sale of indulgences, which, in turn, precipitated the German Reformation.

Thus the mischief wrought its own cure; and the unwisdom of worldly wisdom was made plain, as it always is to the long range vision of history.

2. *South America must become Protestant before it can reach the destiny for which it is evidently intended by the Creator.*

Roman Catholicism always enriches the Church at the expense of the State.

It takes thousands of men and women out of the productive force of a country, shutting them in convents and monasteries, and making them simply consumers. Others must support them in idleness, while they give themselves to religious ceremonies.

It permits in the national *credo*, or governmental policy, no higher principle than loyalty to the Church.

It plans to keep its communicants massed in towns, that they may be under the constant watch and ward of the priests; and the priests never take an oath of allegiance, but hold themselves always loyal to the temporal power of the Pope. Being men without children, the country has for them no

future. It is impossible for them to train the people of their care to patriotism or public spirit. They can work only to advance the interests of their master, the Roman Pontiff.

It holds education in leading-strings, permitting only those lines of study that develop the æsthetic, the imaginative, the sensuous. Holding the attention to its own puerilities, it can but dwarf the intellect, and thus hinder far-reaching plans for growth and culture.

It opposes a public school system. Successful self-government depends upon the intelligence as well as morality of the masses. Destroying the means by which that intelligence is secured, makes impossible free institutions. This mental dwarfing destroys enterprise.

South America has been for nearly four hundred years under the care of the Roman Catholic Church, yet her natural resources are almost entirely undeveloped. She is seven-eighths as large as her northern sister, yet she supports only about half as large a population.

With immense forests of building timber and all manner of costly woods, she sends to North Amer-

ica for her lumber and her cars and her house furniture.

She has great quarries of granite and marble, yet she brings even her building stone, bulky and expensive of transportation as it is, from Spain and Italy. With exhaustless mines of the useful metals unwrought, she sends to England for her ironmongery. With rich deposits of gold and silver, she has a currency that fluctuates from ninety-six per cent. below to four per cent. above par.

Her lack of enterprise leaves her commerce in comparative stagnation. She is almost without a literature. What South American writers are authority in any field of thought?

Her present population are people of restless, energetic descent. Moorish blood, once of the highest intellectual activity, tingles under the swarthy skin of many a South American. The blue blood of Castile, the proudest and most chivalrous that ever throbbed, surges through the hearts of the dominant South American races. They have the vital Italian, the mercurial French, the sturdy Scotch and the strong, patient Saxon blended in in their veins, yet they have produced no literature

worth the name. Their brain has been bound by superstition. Flat-head Indians bind the skulls of their children, so that there is no room for the growth and development of that organ that is supposed to be necessary to the generation of thought. The Roman Catholic Church holds her children to thinking only in her interest.

Notwithstanding all natural advantages, South America has not yet produced a State or Confederation of States that is recognized as a power in the council chamber of the nations. Let Protestant free thought develop the strength of those great Southern Republics, and across the sea AMERICA will become a name of double its present power.

South America begins to feel the thrill of a new political life. The dawn of this century found her under the control of foreign governments, with the disadvantage of being ruled by sovereigns separated from her by the ocean.

The first quarter of the century witnessed a political revolution, not one whit behind ours of 1776 in personal heroism and sacrifice. It did much to establish the "Monroe Doctrine" of the sacredness of American soil to Americans. Only the little

Guianas remain under European sway. North America cannot boast any such loyalty to that doctrine; for, except the half million square miles of ice and bears known as Alaska, and recently bought of Russia by the United States, all north of the forty-ninth parallel is under foreign domination.

In all South America there is only one monarchy —Brazil—and that is held back from Republicanism only by the popularity of the present Emperor, Dom Pedro.

In some parts of the empire men of mark decline to receive titles and honors from the Government, because such distinctions are inconsistent with Republican principles, and they will prove awkward incumbrances when the new order is established.

These forward movements give great hope for the future, because Republican institutions tend especially to develop individual and national strength.

Republican institutions can be permanent only when they rest upon the enlightened moral sense of the people, and that enlightened moral sense is impossible except where the Bible is read in the home, and expounded in the public congregation.

The open Bible is the corner-stone of personal

and national liberty. It underlies all permanent personal and national prosperity and culture.

Christian instruction in the *lingua plebeia et rustica*, the speech of the common people in central Italy, gave the Latin tongue its power and permanence, making it the language of the college, the court, and the church.

The Bible, rendered into English, made possible the literature of Queen Elizabeth's time. It gave England her place among the nations.

Luther's translation of the Bible raised German from a dialect to the dignity of a language, giving Germany her literature, and making her a nation.

The great need of South America is THE OPEN BIBLE.

Roman Catholicism is a despotism of conscience, and it is always inimical to Republican institutions.

Venice fell from her commanding position as soon as the Romish priesthood obtained power over her govermental machinery.

If Florence had listened to Savonarola instead of burning him, when his voice was raised against Papal tyrannies, she would not have staggered to political ruin.

The revolutions that have done so much for the South American States can be made permanent only by another. Those broad, rich lands must be freed from the yoke of the Papacy.

3. *In that grand, necessary, moral revolution, the La Plata Valley holds the key to the position.*

Whoever has possession of this Valley of the Silver River, must ultimately rule South America.

The La Plata drains a larger territory than any American river except the Amazon and the Mississippi. The Amazon drains a region as large as two-thirds of the United States. Its mouth is so wide that one may sail on it and yet fancy himself still at sea, for he is quite out of sight of land. Yet, while its valley is broad and rich, it is too tropical to produce a dominant race.

In the Eastern hemisphere only the Obe is larger than the La Plata. Some of the La Plata tributaries are navigable almost their entire length. They flow through a country rich in productive power and resource, abounding in useful and expensive woods, fruits, and minerals. There are herds of wild horses that need only bit and bridle to make them serviceable and of great value, and cattle in

such droves that they are slaughtered simply for their hides.

The Argentine Confederation covers a large part of the La Plata Valley. It has an area equal in size to the whole of the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. It is near enough to the Tropics for the sun to ripen the richest fruits and grains, and yet its climate is tempered to mildness by the sea on either side of the continent.

It lies within the Temperate Zone. The thinkers and rulers of the world have usually been from that zone. They who conquered South America came from a little north of the Tropic of Cancer. They who may reconquer it for free religious thought are just south of the Tropic of Capricorn. These peoples combine the energy of the Temperate Zone with the fervor of the Tropics.

Since it became a Republic this country has moved rapidly toward a higher civilization and national prosperity.

When Dr. Goodfellow went to Argentina in 1857, every pound of flour consumed there was imported.

When he came away, only thirteen years later, wheat was an article of export.

The tides of immigration are turning thither from the Old World. North American capital and energy are looking toward this wonderful Republic for investment. Its Government is modeled after that of the United States. Its Constitution is a translation of that of its northern sister. If it can secure from Jesuitical interference a public school system and religious toleration that shall insure the intelligence and morals of the common people, it will supply force for the evangelization of the whole of South America.

4. *The strife for the supremacy of the La Plata Valley will probably be between Romanists and Methodists.*

The Catholics are strongly entrenched. They are in possession, and the defensive is usually the stronger position. On the other hand, Methodists go to the Argentines from the United States, and on that account they are received cordially and trustfully. Mechanical and intellectual help come from North America. Argentine railway coaches are made in Troy and Albany. Law, medical and com-

mon school books are from the United States. Dr. Lawson, who was for a long time their Secretary of State, was the son of a surgeon in our navy. Col. Sarmiento, the most popular of their Presidents, was elected under the campaign cry, not of "the rail-splitter," but of "the school-master;" and that occurred while he was in the United States studying our institutions. He received the degree of L. L. D. from the University of Michigan, an honor which he prized as highly as a North American would a degree from Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, or Berlin.

Methodists are supposed to be zealous, and the Argentines are predisposed, by their semi-tropical nature, to receive the truth from a people of fervid piety.

Presbyterianism, with its rocky, sometimes difficult theology, flourishes best in lands like Scotland, where the people live among mountains, and wrestle with storms, conquering obstacles even from the cradle. Congregationalism belongs in a region of independent thought. They who threw the tea into Boston harbor would hardly bend to synod or conference.

Episcopalianism is attractive to people of leisure in cities where much stress is laid upon the manner of doing everything, from the number of courses through which one must plod in dining *a la mode*, to the etiquette necessary to being properly buried.

Methodists are energetic people. The glory of their Church is that it cares for the poor. In this they meet Romanists on their own ground. With their enthusiastic methods they are specially adapted to work among the Argentines.

Theirs are the principal missions in the La Plata Valley. Inadequate as their work has been, it is established at the three centres, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and Rosario.

In the near future Romish priests, who address the senses alone, and Methodist ministers, who are vitally enthusiastic in temperament, and daring in zeal, must settle between them the supremacy of the La Plata Valley and of South America.

If North American Methodists can be aroused to give to this work men, women and money, with generosity at all commensurate with the opportunity, the result is assured.

Free, open, evangelical piety, in harmony with

the rising Republicanism of the land, must drive out the superstitions of the dark ages. The hymns of the Wesleys in that rich, old Spanish tongue, must sound with silvery sweetness over the waves of the La Plata, and echo through its glens and glades. From that vigorous, richly endowed land, a host must go forth to conquer the continent for Christ.

5. *The home is the battle-field where these forces will meet and decide the contest. The evangelical education of the women is the point upon which it will turn.*

The home is the workshop in which is wrought out the civilization. Men are seldom more or less than they are made to be by the power of the home. The home is the woman's kingdom. Her mental and spiritual education are essential to its permanent purity and strength.

The women of South America have energy of character, and capability of high culture, or they could not bear and train men who are working so resolutely for the advancement of political liberty.

Under the old Salic law, the royal prerogative could descend only along masculine lines. Under

the Divine law intellectual vigor is usually transmitted by the maternal side. The child inherits the condition of the mother. If she is a slave, he is born enslaved. If she is free, her children are free.

Said a South American thinker, "The great need of my country is educated, intelligent, earnest mothers."

The homes of South America are as certainly missionary ground as are those of heathen countries.

The same tyrannies, oppressions and vices that degrade women outside the nominal Christian pale, exist in modified form under the Papacy, which is only baptized Paganism.

There are the same vanities, lightness, trifling with the noblest opportunities, falsehoods, jealousies, envies, strifes and revolting vices.

Women must be educated up to self-respect, and this can be done only by outside help. Girls can not go to school as they do in Protestant lands. In no Catholic country can single women go through the streets unattended, without constant danger of insult. A girl of twelve or fourteen may not even go to and from the school-house unless accompanied

by an older lady, an old servant, or some one to guard her from the evil that swashes through the streets. She must have private tutors, which only the rich can afford, or be placed in a convent, which is worse than nothing in the way of education. Convent instruction is always superficial, and subservient to the one purpose for which the institution was erected, and to which every "sister" is consecrated, the good of "Holy Mother Church." The curriculum is planned not to develop the mental powers of the girl, so that she can grapple with the difficult questions that lie about her way through life; but unless she can be brought to a "vocation" where special intellectual vigor is needed, she is very lightly educated. She is given a little music, a smattering of some polite language, and a few petty accomplishments, simply to make her attractive, and ready for the matrimonial market. She must be married well, and then her confessor can manage, through her, her husband and children. Her strength, as far as her teachers can control it, must be centred upon one point—the good of the Church.

In France, where the subject of the better education of girls came before the politicians, there sounded

forth a hue and cry that might have come from India. The men of India say: "It is all we can do to live with our wives now, and flog them once a week. If they should learn to read they would turn us out of doors." French priests and bishops lift their hands in holy horror at the idea of educating women. "There is very little piety left among the people, and the women have what little there is; but if their heads are filled with the vain and worldly things there are in books, there will be an end of all loyalty to the Church." The French liberalist, awake to the fallacy of the reasoning, responds, "That is a consummation most devoutly to be wished;" and many another cries "Amen, so mote it be! But we must see to it that a better faith takes the place of the one discarded." The Papal system is anchored to the consciences of the women.

A skeptic said sneeringly to a priest, "Men never go to the confessional. In all Europe you have only the women." "Yes," replied the priest, "and having the women, we have all."

Revolutions may loosen the hold of the priests upon the government, and upon the confidence of men, but as long as the Papacy is sure of the women,

it is certain of permanence. That is its sheet-anchor; and while that holds, it can outride any storm of free thought or evangelical fervor.

This work of reforming the civilization through the home and by the education of women, is missionary work. Education, to be safe, must be Christian. The Duke of Wellington said of the East Indian godless schools, "If you educate that people without Christianity, you train a race of demons!" The Sepoy rebellion emphasized the truth of his word. Its brutalities were planned by men who owed their power for evil to English colleges.

The education of the women of South America must be evangelical, and that work can be done only by women.

6. *The women of North America can capture South America for Christ.* South America can be revolutionized only as its homes are made pure by the ennobling of its women.

Men cannot do that work. The men whom we send as missionaries meet the women of their congregations seldom, except in their public services. Women come to church with men, but as the younger ones may not go in the streets unat-

tended, they have many hindrances that are not in the way of men. Then their school opportunities being so poor, they come out of narrow, ignorant lives, and they get far less from the public preaching than do their brothers and husbands. "The eye sees what the eye brings means of seeing." They who have learned to think steadily and surely, are usually helped by the presentation of abstract truth more than others can be.

It is impossible for men to teach South American women in their homes. Priestly scandals are so common, that it is as much as the reputation of a Protestant pastor is worth for him to attempt to call upon women at their houses to give them religious instruction.

The *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, to which the General Missionary Societies have committed the care of work among women, must send women to train Bible-readers, to visit from house to house, talking to the women singly, or in groups, about practical godliness, teaching them the blessed art of home-making, and leading them to Christ. There must be accomplished teachers to manage schools, teach normal classes, and establish orphan-

ages, where the multitudes of children who are growing up in vagabondage can be saved to lives of purity and integrity.

The need is very great, and appeals strongly to the sympathies of women of a better civilization.

The home is the woman's stronghold; and the permanence of the marriage tie is its safeguard. In South America the Church holds the monopoly of solemnizing marriage, and priests will not marry a couple without being paid more than some of the poor peōns can earn in a whole year. Thus the poor are left to live together not after God's ordinance, and twenty-five per cent., one quarter, of the births are from illegal unions.

When the nation is involved in war, as often occurs in a country that is settling into a new form of government, men go into the army, and, as they have no legal tie to bind them to their families, caprice or passion may lead them elsewhere. The poor children are left with their incompetent mothers and thousands of them drift into vagabondage and vice.

In the vicinity of Rosario the superintendent of an *estanceo* was awakened to look into the mat-

ter, and he found that he had on his place forty or fifty families, not one of whom was legally married. Determined upon a reformation, he applied to a priest, setting forth the dreadful condition of affairs, and asked him what was the very least he would take to come and remedy the evil by marrying the people. The priest replied that forty-eight dollars a couple was his very lowest fee. The fact was the whole company of those peōns could not have raised the forty-eight dollars to secure the legal marriage of one of their number, if it had been to save their lives.

The women of North America must look into this great shame and sorrow. They must understand that

> "In the gain or loss of one,
> All the rest have equal share."

Out of the sweet charities, the tender amenities of their own affluent lives, they must send help to their neglected, impoverished South American sisters.

Mordecai said to Queen Esther: "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise from an-

other place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Never was woman crowned with such abundant honor as now in Protestant America. If she refuses to reach a helping hand to her sisters in their sore need, God pity her! The forfeiture of her own home glory may be the penalty.

It was a woman's faith and zeal that gave America to the world. When Columbus failed everywhere to get help for his scheme of discovery, the brave, patient, far-seeing Isabella bent an ear to his project. When she was unable otherwise to raise the means for his enterprise, she sold her jewels that she might furnish him with money. While his little ships were being buffeted and tossed hither and thither by the untamed Atlantic surges, she held steady in her faith. When his foot touched the soil of the New World, he took possession of it in the name of his Queen, and of her religion.

Protestant American women must give more than silver, gold and precious stones for the redemption of this great continent. They must give such jewels as those of which the Roman matron was justly

proud—sons as noble as the Gracchi, daughters as beautiful and strong as Cornelia;—the very wealth of their homes must be poured out to redeem those homes of such wondrous possibility and power.

In sister Republics, a people of most generous endowment and promise is in the greatest peril from Jesuitical schemes and Papal tyrannies. Can we look toward them with indifference—selfishly planning for our own ease, while they perish unhelped? God has set before us a broad and effectual door, and no man can shut it. Capturing the home, we take possession of the stronghold of the civilization.

John Knox was heard to groan in an agony of prayer, "Give me Scotland, or I die!"

May God lay it upon the heart of Protestant womanhood to ask at his hands the salvation of the women of South America; and may nothing be held too dear to be given to this work!

May it be our daily prayer that the homes of this continent, from the North Pole to Cape Horn, may be given to Christ through the faith of the women of the Church. J. F. W.

CLEMENS

Rosario.

O.I.